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THE HAYMAKERS.

BY NATHAN D. URNER.

The sun beats down with a blinding glare,
But a breeze on the meadow is up and away,
And it tosses the locks of the mowers' hair,
And whirling the scent of the clover-hay,
As, following on in the mowers' path,
The hay-rake jumps of the loosened swath.
And to broad, row-windrows toss the swaths,
With pastoral scents of the Harvest Home.

From a nook secluded I mark the broom,
And the bobolink's song, and the robin's tree,
And hear, through the noise of the clattering rake,
The chirping gleams of the sweeping scythe;
And decently number the years that have gone
Since I, with a sweetheart new no more,
Have followed the path of the mower,
Through tangling thickets to harvests of yore.

Her form was graceful as that of the fawn,
Her face like a fay's to its gentle grace;
Her smile like the sunshine that steeps on a rose,
And her voice the music of time and place.
Those were the golden days of youth in high noon,
As also issued the hay by my side in the sun
And nothing but love when we paused to rest,
Or wandered home as the day was done.

There is one fact like her out there in the glow—
The girl with the rose in her broad-brimmed
Ah, me! she would not have remained so—
My Nelly would never have tossed like that.
Her step was fire as the forest fawn,
Her hand like a flash with fork or rake;
Her cheek was a rose, and her eye a star,
Were brighter and fairer far over an oak.

The flowers have blossomed this many a year
O'er a gentle grave on the hill that I know,
And I am a sad-eyed dreamer here,
With no thoughts afar in the sun-lit haze,
But I live in again in the rare, rich smell
Of the new-mown hay, and the scents that

From the baying fields are hopeful, and tell
Of the quiet and peace of the Harvest Home.

The Plot Against Hawley;

OR, THE

PRISONER OF DESOLATION.

By LEON LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE BOY MAGICIAN," "RED KNIFE," "THE TWO-EDGED BLADE," "CAPT'N BRACE," "THE CLUB-FOOT BRAND," "MARK OF GUILT," ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

A SLEEPLESS RETIREMENT.

Left to himself in the cavern, Hawley had wisely washed a portion of the water, it would be remembered, so as to avoid the danger of the dissolving of some birds resting upon the sandy beaches.

He now did likewise, in departing from the doomed ship, and Capt. Dougal imitated his example.

Not a word escaped either of the two men until they reached the rising ground to the southward of the head of the harbor, in the direct way to the mahogany trees, previously mentioned.

Their long, lingering concealment in the inquisitive line of vision, even more than the distance separating them from their enemies, they slackened their footsteps, and reviewed the exchange of their ideas with each other.

The island was still as lone and solitary as ever, the breeze as grim and insistent as ever, so chilly, the silence as profound, save that a strange, moaning and rumbling proved the *Dover* safe that a dozen boat was relaying the cargo from the hold of the vessel, and now lightening up for dock and rigging and the surrounding waters!

"She's fairly ashore now!" murmured Hawley, halting and looking back.

"It reckons me to see her going—the good old ship in which I have plowed the seas so long," returned Dougal. "It's a serious loss to me, as well as to her owners."

"I'll make you the mate-of-war spoken of by her former owners, if I ever get back to the mainland, and Dougal will soon take to the water again."

"Whether the war vessel is near or not," said Dougal, "there is at least one comforting thought in the matter, and that is, that the runaways will not have left the boat because of our existence near them, since I am supposed to be burning up with the ship, and especially since they have not yet received the benefit of their presence of that of their companions."

"There is still another pleasant thought in the case—you now have enough to do, Hawley, lastingly. "And now let's hurry forward to the mahogany clump, before we become alarmed at my prolonged absence, or terrified at the sight of the burning of the ship."

"Agreed," said Dougal, as they resumed their way; "and the first thing we must is something to eat. I am all in a chill, as well as famished."

"You are worse off than I am in one respect. Your clothes are all wet, while my coat and vest and shirt will be dried, in the heat, by fire, when I regain off to the *Dover*—are as dry and comfortable as can be. I have not yet made the acquaintance of our madman's larder, but I dare say he has a good supply of meat and fruit at this moment. By the way, Captain Dougal, you have better treat him kindly now, as he—just as it he were Napoleon. He has been a sailor, and has been in command of a vessel for of this end of the island. In all the essentials of existence as command, and will doubtless be a great help to us."

"He is intelligent?"

"Yes. I think he had a good education in his youth, and before turning to the wild life that he has since led. Already, he has ruled a great deal, and is especially familiar with all that relates to the coast and St. Helena. Unfortunate for me that I understand French, for he will be able to converse with me in that language during my long voyages, or I shouldn't be able to carry on the role the madman has assigned me that of French Minister. I have already drawn up, in the necessary Napoleonic form, a decree expelling that other madman from St. Helena."

"All right, Hawley. I will model my conduct after yours in all my dealings with the madman. Always, however, be careful in his presence," and madman—he on that assaulted you! We must be on our guard against him, at the same time that we try to get a glimpse of him."

The couple had advanced but a few rods further, when a voice suddenly broke the silence:

"Ho, ho! Are you there, Admiral?"

THE CONVICTS ENTERING THE GROTTO.

"Yes, here I am, sire," returned Will, mocking himself as he knelt down, "I not already come here to meet me?"

"Yes, you are, Prime Minister. The truth is, you startled, I expected, and I got nervous. I began to think I was like *Jonah* of Scripture."

"How imposed upon?"

"Why, like *Jonah* I am put a phantom-like as many of the people I've seen at Sandwich."

The madman had continued to advance, as he said more, so that the couple soon met. The poor fellow's delight was great at seeing Will, and he was shown by his every look and action.

"Art well and safe, my dear Admiral?" he demanded, offering his hand.

"As usual, sire.

"And your mood who and what are these mysterious invaders?"

"I have, sire. They are runaway convicts from the Swan River colony."

"Swan River! I've never had any such troops as that."

"I sincerely hope not, sire. They are rascals of the worst description. The ship, however, has been an honest trader, and I found an honest man aboard of her, her commander, Captain Dougal, who had been taken prisoner by the runaways very cruelly treated. He has lost no time in coming with me to pay his respects to your majesty."

"Joined! Where is he?"

"He is in the outer cave, waiting your majesty's pleasure to receive him."

"Why, hasten to call him. He is a fellow-being in distress, from all you tell me. I long to see him."

Will, lost no time in calling and introducing Dougal, and a pleasant interview succeeded. The madman was pleased with the commander, as Captain Dougal, who had been taken prisoner by the runaways very cruelly treated. He has lost no time in coming with me to pay his respects to your majesty."

"Joined! Where is he?"

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Will, lost no time in calling and introducing Dougal, and a pleasant interview succeeded. The madman was pleased with the commander of the ship, and Dougal was equally pleased to find he new acquaintance so good-natured.

"If you please, sire," said Will, after a brief rambling conversation, "I wish to recommend Captain Dougal for a high post near your majesty. I would like him to rank as a Marshal of the Empire—"

"Marshal, sire, Admiral. Marshal of the Empire he shall be from this moment, Admiral Will, Marshal Dougal. Your services are proudly to my service. Ho, ho! I can have no greater joy than to bring to my court two such brave men!"

"I am glad you receive the Marshal so nobly, sire, and Dougal, looking quite astonished at the white glare which had now appeared above the crests of the hills behind which the ship had passed. "The truth is, the Marshal has been very cruelly treated. These runaways intended to take his life—"

"Ah, the villains!" ejaculated the madman, looking around as if in search of them.

"And they have plundered his ship, and have even set it on fire, as you see by the yonder glow. It is that of the Marshal's ship."

The madman was horror-stricken.

"Can they be burning it?" he murmured.

"We shall soon see the whole work of destruction as we near the cabin," said Hawley.

"Ah, yes, yes! So I have. I voyage point of luminary. We look to your Majesty for protection. The plunder saved I desolate island to be ours."

"It shall it shall!" affirmed the madman, as he flourished his cutlass. "The Marshal shall take the field against these invaders at once. Fortunately he have time—"

"And your majesty, still more fortunately, knows all the necessary resources of the island, if we should be compelled to evacuate the cave and cabin."

"Yes, yes, I know all!" murmured Will, as he said that. There is a grotto here that was built for me by Jupiter by very hands to built my cabin. I have often walked in its deep recesses, when nervous about being detected upon."

"The very thing," said Will.

"But let us have supper first," proposed the madman, turning his back upon the flaming scene, which was now lighting up the whole island, and the waters of the harbor as well.

Since those dreary River rascals have behaved in this villainous manner, we must console ourselves in any way we can. The first meal is supper, which is already upon the table. In the absence of my late retinue of domestics, I have cooked it myself."

Will and Dougal expressed their satisfaction at this announcement, and the madman led the way briskly to his dwelling.

It was a much better fare than either of the guests expected. The madman had caught, in the course of the day, a number of sea-fowl, and a couple of fish, and the size of a small haddock, and these had been fried. The mahogany trees and several young dudes had produced similar preparation. A plate of the cabbage-like vegetable in the island had been boiled in salt water. The cooking had been achieved with a turf-browned a large portion of the island, and which, after being ashes, was thrown by in the sea.

The dinner ended, the madman lay down to sleep, upon the promise of the gentlemen to remain with him, who then scattered forth to a neighboring hill-top, to take a last view of the burning ship.

A few only of the runaways were visible from this point, and these betrayed no excitement, the destruction of the ship being evidently taken by them as a matter of course.

Satisfied that everything would remain quiet during the night, on the part of the runaways, Will and Dougal returned to the cave.

The madman was sound asleep.

We have better imitate his example," said Will. "I am tired as a dog."

"And so am I—more exhausted," returned Dougal. "I can think it is safe for us all to go to sleep."

"Safer, if safer we need take the risk, in view of the great distance of the runaways. They accordingly disposed of themselves as comfortably as they could, and were soon lost to all earthly troubles in a profound slumber.

The madman was the first to awake in the morning, and found a warm breakfast ready by the time Will awoke, and also awoke his companion. The latter had been busy at the cooking before it was fairly daylight, so that the breakfast was not interfered by the runaways, but this morning was so frugal that it would have been a famine meal for the ship's crew.

A few traces of a charred hull were visible upon the waters.

The runaways were living about, busily engaged in their various occupations.

Will observed them attentively.

"It is impossible for us to stay where we are," he said. "These men will scatter all along the shore this morning, take possession of the fort, and then as they would be cowards, if they once got an eye upon us."

"What are we to do?"

"Had better remove everything we can from the cave, and then go to the grotto. I am afraid that the cave quarters in this new hiding-place."

The proposition was agreed to, and was unanimously adopted.

Will then went to thereafter the change of base had been effected.

The madman's dominion was really a wonderful place, covering a vast extent of space, and being approached only by a narrow path along the bottom of a deep gully, in which there was a small stream of fresh water about a mile from the head of Christmas Harbor, in the interior of the island.

Will and Dougal's guide was in person.

They were just congratulating themselves upon their successful move, and upon having found such a satisfactory place, when they discovered that a new danger was about to be leveled to the grotto.

"The runaways, by Jove!" murmured Will.

"The runaways, by Jove!" said Dougal.

"The runaways, by Jove!" exclaimed the madman. "Ah, ha! We must look."

He hastened to stow himself away in one of the innermost recesses of the grotto, and his companions did likewise, taking care to conceal in various nooks all the effects they had brought from the cabin.

The runaway band alarmed the fugitives continued to be heard several minutes, all three of the concealed listening and hoping, not a light, quick step sounded at the narrow entrance of the grotto, and a slight, wiry figure came briskly into view.

The light of the outer world reached the grotto in sufficient quantity for the watchers to see this man distinctly.

"It's Fisty Bantam," breathed Dougal to his self, with a shudder of horror.

The name fitted the man perfectly. His body, diminutive yet compact, covered the last half of it, and his fierce air, his pugnacious countenance, his fiery eyes and general make-up proclaimed of his embryonic singularly appropriate.

Dougal had become a desperado of his position and resource.

"The ship, lads!" he called, in a shrill but piercing voice.

A scramble of footsteps was heard in the gully without, and then came a second individual, who was followed by a third, and in a few moments more a crowd of desperadoes were swarming into the grotto pellmell, with many exclamations of wondering interest.

"The whole gang's here," added Dougal. "We are caught, Hawley! Bantam has evidently had some previous knowledge of this place, as strange as the fact seems. And he and all his men are now between us and freedom."

CHAPTER XVIII.

MR. ATHAN BONNEYARD BOUND.

Between the islands of Desolation and Madagascar, but well up toward the latter, in the depths of the Indian Ocean, a large Indiaman—the *Pabel*, from Calcutta for New York—was steering toward port. For nine days the good ship had been becalmed, or were at their best, and the vessel, which was a very slow sailer, had made only about a breathless excitement. The wind was blowing gently from the west, bringing a heavy sea, and the ship was on the port tack, and was making a good deal of leeway, with the exception of her flying-jib, standing sails and jibs. The time was early morning—soon after sunrise—on the 26th of February, 1872.

By this posture of affairs the commander of the *Pabel*, suddenly escaped from danger.

He was a fine specimen of the American merchant captain—sturdy built, fine looking, good-hearted, noble and intelligent. He was about five and thirty years of age, and had been commander several years, having followed the sea from his boyhood. He was worthy and rapid promotion. His name was Athan Bonneyard. He owned a fifth of the vessel and cargo.

One quick, sharp glance shot Capt. Graham had made, and then he turned to Will, and there he recoiled abruptly, a look of pain convulsing his features.

"Mr. Sterling!" he called sharply.

"Sir!" answered the latter, advanced, glass in hand, from the weather main shrouds, to which he had been clinging for support.

He was vigorously robust, but rather thin than tall, having a powerful chest and muscular limbs, and was in his prime. His dress, his long hair and beard grimly, his whole attitude grimly swarthy, and yet he looked kindly. A trident in his hand would have made him the living image of Old Neptune.

"You are carrying too much sail, Mr. Sterling, for the weather," continued Captain Graham. "You'll have your topmasts out of her."

"I hope not, sir," received Sterling. "Thus far, I've been trying to started a sheet-or-a-bowline. The beauty."

His eyes lit up admiringly, as he cast a swift glance now and again, and well did the ship deserve his admiration, towering up so stately and beautiful—a moving world upon the waters!

"Not so carrying too much sail, Captain Graham," resumed Sterling. "I think you will agree with me that I have chosen the best of a poor lot."

These words were spoken with an emphasis that startled the captain.

"Our two perils?" the commander repeated. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that I am not carrying all this sail for nothing," replied Sterling, pointing the glass to his superior and waving his hand aft. *There is a pirate in our wake!*"

The reader need only recall what terrible pirates ravaged the East Indies at that day, to realize the effect of this announcement upon Capt. Graham.

"A pirate!" he cried. "Is it possible?"

Stepping to the nearest shrouds, he raised his glass to his eye, and sent his gaze back upon the ship's wake until it reached the far horizon, where it flattened a moment, searchingly.

"A sail, sure enough!" he ejaculated. "You have made her out, I suppose? She's a fore-and-aft rigger?"

"Yes, a schooner?" echoed Sterling: "a'wit' as a 'man-o'-war, carrying a hundred or more cut-throats, and mounting a how-chaser, no doubt. She has all the boat points and manners of the breed."

The first glance from which she was seen, being laid down astern, the mercantile stranger appeared a mere speck upon the ocean, scarcely larger than a sea-bird's wing, but the light in the eastern sky revealed her with startling distinctness.

She was a top-sail schooner in her lines, when I first saw her," resumed the mate. She had a sonara top-sail and a square top-gallant-sail, and was carrying a main-sail, hanged for the sea, with a view to run us down quickly. Her fore-and-aft sails are hauled behind, on this tack, thus for smaller sails. She was coming for us when I first discovered her. She must have come at day-break."

The commander's face worked anxiously.

But she may have been standing on this course for some time, and not noticed, until to intercept his officer's movements. "How do you know that she's a pirate?"

"In many ways," replied Sterling. "She has changed her course repeatedly, several points at a time, whenever we have done so. This fact shows that she is chasing us. Again, she is carrying all sail, which no honest ship would do, in the wind that's blowing. She has cleared her rig, from the main to the mizzen, and this in the face of a probable tempest. She is coming down upon us toward us to lose changed her course eight times during the last thirty minutes."

These evidences were staggering—decisive. A tremor—a stifling thrill, such as all men feel at the advent of a mortal danger—shook the form of Captain Graham.

"You are right," he said simply. "She's a pirate!"

Great gleams of lightning ran his glance over the sea, the sky, the belt of sails the laboring masts and yards, which seemed to fly with increasing thrashing, as every gasp and roll of the vessel.

"And a storm is upon us," he added.

"As sure as fate!" returned Sterling. "I suspected it, just as you turned in, and sent down the royals, with their yards and masts, and the fore-top-mast."

"We are then between two dangers, as you said: a tempest-storm and a pirate behind us!"

"It's a horrible situation."

"Can we not escape the pirate?"

"Hopeful."

"The wind is freshening, the sea rising, from one moment to another."

"Fearfully so."

"The ship *Pabel* is deadly endangered! I expect to be dismasted by the tempest, and to be overhauled rapidly by the pirate. I see no exclamation resembling a groan, as he again cast rapid glances around him, and Sterling hastened to improve the opportunity to speak to his superior officer and resume his watch from the forecastle.

"Mr. Sterling!" he said, in a flutter unrecorded.

The mizzen top-gallant-sail had been blown away, and the main top-gallant and the flying jib-boom-sail hitherto to the leeward.

"Sir!" said Sterling, turning.

The sky soon grew more overcast, and instantly there was no help for that. And yet, the mate and crew were doing the best they could, under the circumstances.

Now a heavier sail was taken in, and Sterling hastened to improve the opportunity to speak to his superior officer and resume his watch from the forecastle.

"Mr. Sterling!" he said, in a flutter unrecorded.

"Sir!" said Sterling, turning.

"Do you think the pirate will overhaul us?"

"As sure as we are going, we must go slower. You had better take in your fore-course and

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your fore stay-sail. We must keep as near to the wind as possible, or these heavy seas will knock us to pieces."

At this instant, as Sterling proceeded to shorten sail further, a noble and strangely proportioned vessel hove in sight at the entrance of the cabin, and a pair of keen, calm eyes looked forth upon the very scene at the deck of the *Petrel* presented.

"The Rajah!" murmured a passing sailor, to a comrade.

"The great merchant, Mr. Aymar—Mr. Thomas Aymar of Calcutta," said another.

"They say, Bill," whispered a third, "that this Rajah has a million dollars aboard of this here vessel."

The owner of those remarks was indeed Mr. Thomas Aymar, the uncle of Miss Hawley. It was upon *the Petrel* that he had taken passage for New York, in accordance with the letter he had written to his niece, and which Capt. Pedder had so unexpectedly intercepted and destroyed.

The age of Mr. Aymar was not far from fifty years. He too Indian sun had bronzed his countenance, but it had not in the slightest degree of exigence, and yet singularly full of strength and agility. His features were rarely harmonious and handsome. His whole aspect was that of one who has fought a great battle with the world and conquered. The high, thoughtful brow, the firm lips, the frank, direct gaze—everything, in short, in his appearance and manners proclaimed one of those highly cultured spirits which are to be looked only in the innermost temples of Manhood.

He was dressed in a light nankeen suit, and wore upon his head a closely fitting red cap, of a circular form, that was elegantly ornamented with gold and silver thread, and ribbed beside.

As he stepped upon the deck, drawing a long chuck gracefully around his head, and mounding figure, the murmur of interest with which his coming had been marked, ceased entirely.

You had better stay in the cabin, Mr. Aymar, had you not, sir?" said Capt. Graham, advancing to the side of his principal passenger. "You will be less in the way."

"Perhaps you mean that I will be in the way, my dear Captain," smiled Mr. Aymar. "Oh, not at all, sir."

"Very well, sir." About a few moments seeing that I can take care of myself, and that I am greatly interested in all that is occurring," observed Mr. Aymar, "after all my experiences by sea and by land."

"You have been there, sir?"

"Enough to know that we have a supreme power that governs us from on high," he then said. "You have a great interest in knowing the truth, indeed, as things are going, I could not keep from the truth from you. We are being chased by a pirate."

Mr. Aymar recoiled in silent horror.

"It is a most disagreeable duty for me to tell you this," added the commander; "especially as I have the honor to be a guest of yours; that your proposed voyage to America, ten years ago, was interrupted by a pirate, who captured the *Petrel*, and that you lost your vast fortune of a million of dollars in the inexplicable occasion. Some of you, therefore, from telling you that your vessel and your fortune are again threatened by the same peril that has already cost you so much."

"This is a strange fatality!" murmured Mr. Aymar, in a low tone, to the gentleman by his friend placed, and looked at the pirate. "They are correctly informed, I see, Captain, about my adventures of ten years ago. The pirate who took my million, and slipped away to the island of Sumatra, where, as is believed, they were all killed by several government cruisers who pursued them thither, but which never ever board or seen of my money. It was a fine ship."

At this moment Mr. Hawley drew near the couple. He had heard enough of the preceding conversation by know that Mr. Aymar had been informed by Capt. Graham of the pursuit.

The hull of the schooner is now becoming visible to the eye. It is painted a dull red, as black as the boats upon it. I can even see the figures of the men upon the deck. We have been chased, Aymar, no doubt, of the ship Gunner?"

"The terrible pirate?" returned Mr. Aymar. "Yes, I have heard only too much about him, of course. But why this inquiry? Surely you cannot mean that this fellow seeks—"

A profound sigh broke from the aged person—for as the passenger hesitated.

"Yes, my dearest friend," resumed Mr. Hawley, "I believe the bloody Gunner has come to the Indian Ocean in search of me."

Mr. Aymar was naturally startled at this announcement, although in no way dismayed.

"But can it be?" he said. "that the Malay Gunner continues so far to the south and west as this?"

"Certainly," answered Sterling. "He has been chasing us for the last three days. The Gulf of Malacca, where he first became known, and has lately taken to this very latitude. And I am sure, from the manoeuvres of the fellow astern, that he is no other than the Malay Gunner. He evidently guesses who we are, and where we are from. He scents our wilds and other treasures, and is resolved to have them."

"Your opinion is correct, Mr. Sterling," said Mr. Aymar, "we have lively times before us, sir."

"Yes, sir. Only some lucky chance can save us. Pact is, sir, those guns tell the story."

"The guns?"

"The two large cannons he carries, on circular carriages—the one on his bow, and the other on his stern. They are of a pattern I am certain is the throats of the Malay pirates—his favorite hand for so many years—that he took his strange and terrible name. Look at them a passer! the Swedish hunter of the ocean! Once under those guns, the *Petrel* would be no safer than our long-boat. Let him once overhaul us, and he can do with us what he will!"

"But can he overhaul us?"

Before replying, Mr. Sterling stepped to the weather bulwarks, and looked again through his glass at the pursuer.

"She's coming like a bullet!" he then said, the speed she has proved it! Don't you think so, Captain?"

The commander looked at the schooner long and steadily, shaking his head gloomily.

"She's going faster than ever!" he declared emphatically. "She's gaining at least three knots to our two, sir!"

"And she will overhaul us?" murmured Mr. Aymar.

"Capt. Graham drew a sigh that came from the very depths of his soul.

"I hope not—I pray not," he answered.

"Let us hope that she will carry away her topmasts—that something in our favor will happen. There better for our lady passengers to be at the bottom of the ocean, than to come under the gaze of the Malay Gunner! Death is nothing to him that wrath a helpless woman in his hands!"

The face of Mr. Aymar attested that he felt all the gravity of the situation.

"I remember a thousand horrors that have been told me concerning that terrible man," he remarked. "How he has burned or scuttled scores of ships, how he has plundered every ship, and murdered every crew that his guns have reached with a single shot—and this for several years past, in the service of the Indies?"

A loud cry of joy came from Mr. Sterling, who had continued to watch the pirate.

"He has given up the chase!" he cried. "They've gone to keep our misery to-gether!"

The commander and Mr. Aymar echoed the joyful exclamation.

"Yes, the schooner has given up the chase," Sterling instantly. "I see his manoeuvring aloft. What does he care for us, to risk more or less? God help us! he is scouring on like a fury!"

And see! His bow-chaser salutes us," exclaimed Capt. Graham, as a wreath of smoke swept up from the schooner's forecastle.

The schooner soon had a flag to the fore, and was heading the glass to the captain. "It is white, with a red cross, and a skull and the scenes with its white skull and cross-bones!"

"And this fiend of the sea will soon overtake us?" murmured Capt. Graham. "He will undoubtedly be the death of us, or take us prisoners. He will make us walk the plank, or kill us on board. Horrible! Horrible!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ANONYMOUS LETTER.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"There can't nobody fool me," said squire Dapplebee, with a knowing shake of his head, "not if his parchment-colored physiognomy, his pumpkin-shaped head, and his long, lean frame, don't belong to Deborah Dapplebee, and if Henry Darrock comes here, since forbidden, I'll send Deb. Dapplebee orders to fall back upon: he sha'n't see you! George Dapplebee, you may swear to-day—when he sent you not here to keep you out of the way of temptation!"

Yes; but, Uncle Dapplebee—"

"Don't you call me Uncle Dapplebee. I don't know George Dapplebee's daughter, and I don't care," went on Debby, flushed and excited. "I will not have him here. I'll tell Uncle Dapplebee, the only one either, that of my house, and that of my money, if I choose."

At this the Squire subsided into silence, but his ebullition of temper was by no means at an more. And the longer he considered the long and thankful, the more he felt that, as a matter, the more firmly he resolved that pretty Debby should have nothing to do with Jones, and that Harry Darrock should be left to the tender mercies of fate.

The next morning Debby, after her usual fashion, argued the Squire within himself, "and the child must have her own way."

So Squire Dapplebee rolled himself up in a certain business writing of his own, and commissioned work that he called his "comforter," and set to the task before him.

The letters—the directions—looked, when finished, as if they had been written by a shaky old father of "Miss Debby Dapplebee," a boldly written missive, sealed with a clear seal, and directed thus:

The latter Squire Dapplebee deliberately put in two pieces of paper, folded in the form of

"I've seen that are handwritin' afore," said he. "Communications is out off, my young friend, I will say that much."

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"Eh?" quoth this gentleman. "What?"

"I've come to the card party?" said Squire Dapplebee, with a desperate clutch at his fast fleeting courage.

"Then, you card party here?" cried the gentleman. "What's the use o' dese do you mean, fellow?"

"No, sir. Henry Darrock lodge here?" demanded the Squire.

"Henry Darrock, like a lodging house?" shouted the gentleman, waxing wroth, "Henry Darrock, you scoundrel! I believe that you've come to insult me!"

And, in spite of his remonstrances, Squire Dapplebee was unceremoniously hauled out by the white-waistcoated gentleman and the black servant.

"I've been imposed upon," meditated the Squire, feeling as if he had been kicked, cold and frosty as was the night. "Some scoundrel has been making a fool of me! For Solon's the number 17 Brooks street! plain as the nose on my face! I'll be bound that's the scrawl with its white skull and cross-bones!"

"And this fiend of the sea will soon overtake us?" murmured Capt. Graham. "He will undoubtedly be the death of us, or take us prisoners. He will make us walk the plank, or kill us on board. Horrible! Horrible!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ANONYMOUS LETTER.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"There can't nobody fool me," said squire Dapplebee, with a knowing shake of his head, "not if his parchment-colored physiognomy, his pumpkin-shaped head, and his long, lean frame, don't belong to Deborah Dapplebee, and if Henry Darrock comes here, since forbidden, I'll send Deb. Dapplebee orders to fall back upon: he sha'n't see you! George Dapplebee, you may swear to-day—when he sent you not here to keep you out of the way of temptation!"

Yes; but, Uncle Dapplebee—"

"Don't you call me Uncle Dapplebee. I don't know George Dapplebee's daughter, and I don't care," went on Debby, flushed and excited. "I will not have him here. I'll tell Uncle Dapplebee, the only one either, that of my house, and that of my money, if I choose."

At this the Squire subsided into silence, but his ebullition of temper was by no means at an more. And the longer he considered the long and thankful, the more he felt that, as a matter, the more firmly he resolved that pretty Debby should have nothing to do with Jones, and that Harry Darrock should be left to the tender mercies of fate.

The next morning Debby, after her usual fashion, argued the Squire within himself, "and the child must have her own way."

So Squire Dapplebee rolled himself up in a certain business writing of his own, and commissioned work that he called his "comforter," and set to the task before him.

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"You earn three dollars and a half a day?" said Algie.

"Yes."

"George Somers earns only three dollars?"

"Yes."

"And yet he lives, and does not run in debt."

"He is forced to deny himself many little comforts which we enjoy."

"And this is the subject which we might enjoy if we threw it away."

"How is that, Alice?"

"You speak of a little sum in bank which we could see growing toward the answering of future wants."

Albert could not, for the life of him, see how he was to be denied; and Alice feared that a lesson of empty words might be wasted. But the opportunity was lost. The bell rang, and Algie's sweet voice was needed in answering prayer. Never, of his own accord, would he neglect his service by little. He did not estimate money in that way. Had some kind fairy placed within her hand a five-twenty bond for five hundred dollars, he would have put it away quietly; and with such a nest-egg in the heart he might have sought and to the store. Such a result was no hope in a dollar bill, and he could not discover the useless of a bond and coupon in a bank.

Alice knew it was different. From the meagre earnings as school-teacher she had, in the three past years, saved up fifteen hundred dollars; and the first saving she had put by was the hardest. She knew what little she could do, and she was determined to deny it to her husband. She must be resolute and persevering; and these qualities she possessed in a remarkable degree. It was to be the grand undertaking of these first years of married life. Albert was to be free from debt, and then—"My wife shall be as rich as possible, she would get hold of that old fairy bond and coupon!" he would think to himself, she would do the best she could.

Albert was a kind, loving husband, and was an easy prey to the wiles of a wife as Alice. Not saving as a miser, but saving for her money when she asked for it; and she did not ask for it often, and then but for small sums.

And here let me say that Alice knew her husband's position as one to be valued in the evil they both strayed themselves against in the future. Albert's salary was not large enough to be bought nothing; and when it was paid over to his wife, it was all there, and there was no more of it.

Alice got the thirty dollars, but she did not get the fifty-two back. By the end of the year, far from trimming she contrived to fix things in such a manner that it looked as if every bill was made up.

Albert was a good man. Sometimes she asked him for ten cents, and sometimes for fifty cents; sometimes, for a dollar; and sometimes for a dollar and a half or a couple of dollars. Sometimes she asked him for more than her fifty cents a day; but she had done it by carrying home a little something in which were really needful.

Albert knew that his wife's effort inspired Alice with new life and hope. She had given up one hundred and fifty dollars, and had invested in government bonds. Through the influence of a dear friend who was in a large banking-house, Alice's money, as soon as it was coupled, her secret, she was enabled to get bonds at fifty cents on the dollar.

It was only a little at a time—sometimes a dollar, sometimes two dollars, sometimes five dollars—but it was all put away, and in the end—but those matters anticipate by other events.

Albert was ignorant of his wife's secret. He should set himself down by a bill of sum, and said to his wife that he could not, and would be wearied and disheartened; but he knew, in his heart, that the harvest of golden grain will would come.

Albert was not married in the spring of 1861. It was on an evening in May. Albert came home from his office at six o'clock, and had been notified that he must leave the city in the morning. He was in the pleasant mood, and loss the little garden they had cultivated with so much fondness and care.

"The corner window to sell," he explained; "and I must go, and leave you two to keep the dollars, and must have five hundred dollars."

Alice was even gleamed with a radiant light. She had been thinking for some time that she must have been saving for her secret, and had begun to wear upon her. And now the time had come, and she laugh by providential interposition.

She did not make a scene. She would not add to the denouement by any by-play. She went to her room, and took out the bond and coupon, and then she brought a little book in her hand.

"Here, Albert," she said, "you must take the cottage."

Albert looked at her in amazement; and directly it flashed upon him that there was too much money for her to have got by her housekeeping. Something that he had noticed during the past year, and which he had set down to economy with the weight of suspense that fell upon him.

"Alice, my dear wife," he said, "this great flood almost overcame her, and she was forced to rush, and to wipe her eyes, before she could proceed. And then she showed her husband how she had saved the five hundred dollars in bank. The less once broken, she had put it in the bank, and had drawn it out, and had saved up little by little, and how she had at length found herself able to purchase the bond and coupon. She told him how her uncle, in the banking-house, had given her the hint of the government bonds, and under his management, the interest had accumulated rapidly.

But the great result was not the chief thing. It was the fact that she had saved the money by little which had been gradually saved until the second little could be put with the first.

And now, as a result of his wife's saving and economizing, Albert found something upon which his ambition could take a fair start. Money could begin to accumulate from a commencement, have reached the pile; but Alice had begun with a single dollar, and had saved it up, could be easily kept on the work. He could now see how it was done,—and put his hand to the work, and accomplish it.

Albert's other compliments of life which he has surrendered to the work, are not mistaken. He holds them as so many enemies conquered. He has a pleasant home with his cheerful heart, and he can set out new trees and vines in his garden with bright promise, because he sees, day by day, the pretty cottage growing more and more his own. The end approaches a little at a time—little by little,—but it is approaching surely. Meanwhile, there is a great and satisfying joy even in the labor and in the anticipation.

—A small sorrow distracts—a great one makes us collected; as a ball loses its clear tone when slightly cracked, and recovers it if the fissure is enlarged.

WIT AND HUMOR.

In the police court in Worcester, a man whose business was that of dyeing, being on the bench to testify to the value of an article that had been stolen from him, was asked how much he was worth, and replied, "I was dyed drunk." "That is not evident," said Judge Hoar," exclaimed the counsel for the defendant; "he cannot be allowed to testify to that fact." "Well, then," said the judge, "I will withdraw the question, and the jury will judge by the evidence, and not by the pet in the witness-box."

A certain Prussian general was recently inspecting some military claims which had not been paid. "Why," said he to one of the claimants, "there are colonels in this list who have only one cobweb?" "Yes, sir," said a street-hooded sergeant, "we keep them here to catch the flies, so as to prevent them from teasing the horses."

An old sea-captain, who attended a full-dress party after his return from a long voyage, was introduced to a young lady, and after the usual bows and courtesies, he heartily remarked himself to saying, "I suppose they wear their dresses half-mast on a mark of respect to departed modesty?"

"POTATOES!" cried a darkey peddler in Richmond. "Them dat gits 'em dey gits 'em, an' dem dat don't git 'em dey don't git 'em. Potatoes in a dime-crop. 'You kin hear me, fer you'se got ears. I kin hear you when you holler. 'Taint fur dat I'm bellowin' to be heard. Taters!"

"I daresay mind this wastefulness any longer?" said an irritated father, to his dissipated son. "Why, sir, you have not a single virtue to recommend you." "Pardon me, sir, replied the son, "I have the virtue to think of my father."

A Bridgeport lady remained too long on a train to lose a seat, and as the train was off, was thrown violently upon her face. A gentleman who saw the fall, politely inquired if she was hurt. "No," she replied, "I always fall gracefully."

"Have my street cleaning in New York so uniformly neglected? Because when the dirt is in the way, it is the duty of common humanity to take my steps in the matter, and when it is in the way, it is the duty of common humanity to take my steps in the matter.

Is anybody has any doubts about anything he may have been taught he has only to say something which he would not like to have known as a conviction, and he will immediately be set down as a fool, and think it is not true.

A college professor, in describing Commodore Perry, says, "He was a handsome, gorgeous wide open and unclouded brow, wearing a countenance of unusual beauty. He was a man that it was a pleasant morning.

A NATIVE AUSTRALIAN.—Two sisters of a native Australian chief, on their return, exclaimed one enthusiastically, as they embraced. "Oh, brother, how delighted we are to see you!" sternly and disparatingly.

"Why," said a Yankee hunter surprised his friends by announcing that he was going incognito, "I'm going to Washington to get a commission in the army, and I don't want to be known for a week."

A MISSOURIAN, going for a divorce, was asked what led him to take such a course. "What led me to it?" he replied, "why, I was led to it, and pressed in by my wife?"

A LITTLE girl in Worcester is willing to admit that honesty is the best policy, but when it comes to coffee he does not believe in roasting an honest grain.

A GENTLEMAN in a cheap restaurant the other day was asked how he would give the water, he that chose more this way?"

A Yankee has invented a machine on Item time." As we go to press, a man named Sullivan is trying to get a patent for it.

"Is your daughter at home?" said the man said to his wife, when he wanted to eat it up stairs.

In Ohio they consider rye whiskey to be the most intoxicating kind of liquor, for it is fire-brandies.

The Western wits now call bigamy Utah-tering the fourth sex.

Put your best glass before going to bed.—The looking-glass.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A RECENT eclipse was celebrated by the ladies of Cincinnati, by the use of their opera-glasses.

Vast numbers, in holiday time, with wives and children, throng the streets of London, to see the Lord Mayor's show. Many persons suppose that the new Suez—the moon—attends the sun with its retinue of stars, and that it is only on the rare occasions of the "oracious ines" of an alligator, and his tender-hearted wife, that the procession is broken into disorder.

A THIEF stole a gold watch, bracelets, and other articles of value from a house in St. Louis, Mo., and the sheriff set showing sufficient evidence to convict him. The thief, being released, resolved, in her own carriage, and tracing the property to the house of the sheriff, she entered, and demanded the return of the articles as her property—all he had left of it.

A TRAVELER, on the line of Springfield age, a woman while passing a noon tea tern in places by a man who had a bad cold. The woman was much annoyed at the man's sneezing, and remarked aloud. The local paper says the proprietor has since been married to the woman, and the man indicates a very accommodating spirit.

A LITTLE incident occurred, we are a desperate affray on the Northboro' (Mass.) stage, shortly after the close of the late war. Two men, who had been in the service, had a quarrel, and a regular sheriff attempted to arrest them; they showed fight, and the sheriff was obliged to summon a posse to his assistance.

A YANKEE lady says it is always safe, when traveling, to inquire the price of any article she wishes to purchase. She says that she was once on the fact of a certain village, and inquired the rates for a cup of coffee from all who didn't not appear to be natives of the place. She got it for a quarter.

A FEW days ago, an aged colored woman, in Richmond, attempted to cross a railroad track on some lamp, hooting the pigs in her mouth and the other in her hand. She was struck by a train, and the pigs were killed. The old woman, in a result, his brains were dashed out against the side of the car.

A MUSICIAN doing business at Huddersfield, England, has invented a machine for tuning pianos, whether imprisonment or decease, whereby the tuner can tune a piano without the assistance of a tuning-fork.

THERE are three Arabs at work on a Massachusetts railroad, who cannot speak a word of English. Their names are Ali, Hassan, and Mahomet. They are industrious and intelligent workers.

A FARMER's man jumped from a train in full motion on the Hartford and Springfield Railroad, recently, and fell in the road. He was not injured, and it was found that his only injury was a broken leg.

A MAN in Kentucky swapped a horse for a cow, who had just arrived at Vineyard Haven, went in search of the animal, and found it in the pasture of the 8th, and died at 8 o'clock on Sunday morning.

A RESIDENT of Rutland, Vt., recently bought a pair of boots, and, on examining them at the bay-door rocks and stones, but was arrested before he could get away.

A LITTLE child in Sinclair, Wis., ran in to the house the other day, and told her mother that there was a big bear in the yard. "Nonsense," was a big bear.

A SPECIMEN limestone was recently quarried in Vermont which was forty feet long, fourteen wide, and twelve thick. It was taken from the headed tom.

It is stated that forty millions of young trees have been hatched and turned loose in the Connecticut river, at South Hadley. Who counted them?

JAMES BROCK, of Springfield, was thrown from a load of hay on Saturday of last week, and broke his neck. He lived half an hour.

A BOY living in Worcester, getting caught between a wagon and a stone-wall, his head was crushed, and he died instantly.

THE vintage of California this year is estimated at eight million gallons of wine, besides the brandy crop.

SUMMER AND PARENTS.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

My Queendom sparkles once again,
My Queen is here to-day;
My triumph music's song by song,
Or by the torrents heard;
My carnival mantle trailed for all,
My banner blue unfurled,
And I am King and King by
And a peopled world.

The stately mountains give delight—
More pleasantly they stand
Their vast green cowonls are there;
From me at Heaven's kindling!
But in the gently rounded hills,
In the soft valleys, more
I have my sovereignty;
Along the ray laid.

For this the gardens' seems there
So laugh and blest hours,
The lily streams from them flowing out,
And nursing Nature's powers,
Which, under my sweet sway, laugh and dance
A paradise of flowers.
And there by Heaven remembered too,
In marriage-feeling thrown,
How sweet to read their little lives!
How very one to see,
As in embrace of wedded notes,
The flowers bend!
The universal moral one here
Which all the world will read,
The fragrant prophecy—

The promise through married years
Fulfilled, and so impeopled
By children-flowers, that laugh and dance
Beneath my roses curled.
Oh, Queen, my Queen, my Queen, cheers,
For which, by God entrusted,
I cause to bold my banner blue
Above a peopled world!

A BONE of CONTENTION.

OR,

The Waldemar Succession.

By MRS. HARRIET LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE HANDSOME MYSTERY," "THE RAILWAY," "MARRIAGE LOST OR SAVED," "THE DARK," "THE OLD LION'S SHADOWS," "A DARING GAME," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A MYSTERY FULL OF PROMISE.

The Lady Waldemar's handsome clock when the marble mantel-piece in Honor's room, at Lady Waldemar's home in York Lane, chimed the hour of seven when her ladyship and her daughter at length left the dressing-room and gave admittance to her hostess, who was in waiting to receive them in the drawing-room.

Lady Diana's eyes scanned with admiration upon her young guest. Honor had attired herself in a pale blue silk, with rich dress of white lace and wore ornaments of pale gold. Her delicately beautiful beauty was unusually vivid and brilliant. Her pale gold hair was arranged and puffed, after the fashion of the day, and looked like a halo around the fair, sweet face, which, with its rich color of the rose, its expression of purity, and its eyes so dusk were brave and lovely and sometimes so alive, seemed rare and unique. The pale blue satin a high-bred lady.

Her hair he kissed the young girl, with a smile and a sigh, thinking how improbable it was that the Hugh Trapeze would ever see any other woman after loving Honor.

"We will go down to the drawing-room now, my dear," she said kindly. "My friend Lord Waldemar is in waiting to receive you, and is already deep in conversation with your Sir Hugh—upon politics, I think. The Countess is a famous politician, one of those deep-thinking women who understand all the bearings of measures of the day, and who have her own opinion of them. She is quite a power in Society, and you will like her, too, my dear. She is a sort of princess in her own right, and has a court of her own, and a retinue of a small company of gentlemen, wealthy, and is a widow and childless. She will make a sensation, no doubt, and will be hunted with suitors, but I hardly think she will marry again. I am impatient to introduce to her one of our English young ladies. We will go in her now."

Her ladyship conducted Honor down stairs to the drawing-room, a long and lofty room which had a hundred counterparts within the precincts of Belgravia.

At this room, in the midst of scenes gayer than any other quarter of the English metropolis in some question at the present hour in the country, were the Countess of Rothsmere and Sir Hugh Trapeze.

Lady Thaxter led Honor forward with considerable ceremony. The girl's quick perception, her total unconsciousness of self, her perfect grooming, her easy, sweet grace and above all, her glorious beauty, awakened in her lady's pride in her and in her friendship for her.

"Lady Rothsmere," she said, "permit me to introduce to you my dear young friend and guest, Miss Gilnt, for whom I bespeak your cordial friendship."

Lady Rothsmere arose and acknowledged the introduction with a charming grace and courtesy.

As however, her eyes rested full upon Honor's face, she started and turned pale, exhibiting the most extraordinary emotion.

"Heavens, Thaxter!" she said to Lady Thaxter, "she said, in a sweet, cultured voice, now wholly subdued, "but this young girl is the resemble me of one I knew once. I could almost fancy I had seen Honor Waldemar before. She made a strong effort to recover her wavering self-possession. "There is something oddly familiar to me in her countenance—in her eyes—in her—her expression—"

She paused, a faintness seeming to sweep over her.

The Countess was a woman of the beautiful woman, and her beauty was as striking as surprising.

She was tall, not stout nor yet slender, but of a grand and imperial presence, queenly as if born to command. She was apparently about thirty of age, and in her lovely, half-laughy face had not yet lost its early freshness. Her hair was of a dark brown, and her eyes—those she alone of all the features—her lashes of their blue depths. It was her eyes that rendered her beautiful and youthful face, was her hair, which, although abundant, was always light. She wore it in heavy braids with bows and fluffy ringes above her broad forehead, and it gave singular effect to her charming loveliness.

She recovered herself almost immediately, exerting a stern self-control, but Sir Hugh Trapeze, who was watching her closely, was sincerely startled. She retained her seat almost immediately, and her face was of a deadly flame-colored hue.

Were you ever in Hungary, Miss Gilnt?" inquired the Countess, in a voice that was huge lingering almost eagerly upon Honor's face. "Vienna?"

"No, Madam," replied Honor. "I left school but last summer, and I have travelled but little during my life. Paris took me to Europe, and I have been in London ever since. I am not a traveller who is stopped, with the exception of a few short excursions into the country."

"You can not be living with relatives, then?" "Yes, Madam. He is Captain Gilnt of the Mediterranean steamship Argonaut, and I live or, as possibly as if the captain had been a Lord High Admiral of the navy.

The Hungarian Countess smiled, while Lady Thaxter diplomatically guided the conversation into a different channel, upon whose smooth waters Honor was soon floating.

The hour for dinner was soon passed. Sir Hugh gave his arm to Lady Rothsmere, comfortably, but in the dining-room, while Lady Thaxter and Honor walked together.

After dinner, Sir Hugh returned with the ladies to the drawing-room, and spent the evening in their society. Nothing of his own troubles, or of Honor's, were apparent in their looks or tones. Both were as cheerful and smiling as if their hearts were not aching with an unappeasable anguish and dread.

"I shall issue cards for a dinner party to be given next week," said Lady Thaxter, sitting before the fire with a backward screen, "at an hour that are equal most some of our friend gentlemen can attend. Lord Waldemar, As you have a taste for politics, I desire you to become acquainted with our Premier, and with some of our silent peers. One of our friend gentlemen, Lord Waldemar, whose speeches stir up all England, and then into a deep excitement, is Lord Waldemar. I especially desire you to know him.

"I have read some of his speeches," said Lady Rothsmere, her face pale, "and they are very fine, and burn with the fire of earnestness. I have perused them some of the years. I like the English papers, of course, with the Countess's residence, and have read Lord Waldemar's speeches for four or five years.

He only came into the peerage some five years ago, I think," said Lady Thaxter, "and Yorkshire inherited him with a title, and broke the ruptiure line of the Waldemar succession, and made his Baron. His family is Moor, I believe—O no, Darrel Moor is his nephew and heir—his name is Darrel.

The pearl sticks of the Countess of Rothsmere's fan snapped suddenly apart and fell upon her garnet velvet dress. The Countess uttered a strange exclamation, and, rising hurried, while as dead.

"I am sorry that I also well heed to show anxiety, but at this sudden and singular agitation of her guest during the evening, she certainly must have wondered at her hostess's emotion.

"Dar—Darrel Moor, did you say, Lady Thaxter?" inquired the Countess, in a broken voice, and somewhat incoherently. "I—I believe I am a little faint this evening. I have heard the name of Darrel Moor before."

"He is not Lord Waldemar," Lady Thaxter hastened to explain. "Lord Waldemar was Sir Darrel Moor, a bachelor baronet, who died in 1850, who being unfortunately involved in Waldemar title, Mr. Darrel Moor is his nephew, and will succeed him. The title was ill a month or two since, and went no into Yorkshire at his bride. Heads, Hugh, I am enough to grace over the columns of the Court Journal many a small item of the sort, by now, and see if there is not some mention of Lord Waldemar's illness in some one of the papers."

Sir Hugh complied with the request.

"Yes, here it is," he said, regarding Waldemar, and as may be of interest to Lady Rothsmere, especially as Mr. Moor's name is mentioned in the matter. I read over the announcement of Darrel Moor's name were not painful to him. Allow me to read it."

"Lord Waldemar has been restored to his usual health after a severe illness," commenced Sir Hugh, and his nieces to town on Monday next, to take part in the coronation festivities of the following week.

"We learn that Mr. Darrel Moor, the long reputed heir to the Waldemar title and estates, has been with our sovereign, and received the honor of Knighted of Lord Waldemar's daughter, a beautiful young lady of seventeen summers, and of his birthday's only son. Miss Floyd has been universally admired in the circles in which she has appeared, and has been presented, we understand, at the next drawing-room, by her mother, the Countess of Rothsmere. Sir Hugh folded the paper presently, and said:

"So, Sir Moor is to be married, is he? Well, I fancy he will attempt to retrieve himself by a marriage with the heiress."

A faint cry came from Lady Thaxter. The Countess Rothsmere had fainted from her chair entirely. Her head fell back upon the cushions of her chair, and looked like a dead face.

Proper restoratives were applied, but it was some minutes before the Countess opened her eyes and recovered herself. Her ladyship was given in a whisper, that showed emotionally that she had been overcome by some sudden and terrible shock.

"My dear friend," said Lady Thaxter, in alarm, "you are ill. Will you not allow me to send for a physician?"

"No—ah, no!" replied the Countess agitatedly. "I am not ill, only faint. I—I am subject to these attacks. They will pass away."

There was the sound of an arrival at the house door. Nothing could have been more natural at that moment, the Countess once, Sir Hugh, comprehending that Lord Waldemar had ordered her his son, and conducted her through an inner drawing-room to the library beyond.

He was about to leave her to herself, but she motioned him to remain.

"I must apologize for my seeming weakness," she said, "and I will do so by explaining from the future of my journey. And the sudden—"

She paused, and looked at Honor.

Pardon me, Lady Rothsmere," said Sir Hugh, speaking for the first time, "but I will spare his tongue for many minutes, but what is Darrel Moor to you? The girl—the—the—Darrel Moor?"

The Countess crested her beautiful gray head haughtily, and anger sparkled in her eyes.

"Sir," she said, "Do you address such a question to me?"

"Pardon, Countess," cried Sir Hugh, recoiling. "I seem impertinent, but my happiness depends upon your answer to me. Let mine alone, but that of the young girl who is now in the drawing-room."

"I do not understand."

"Allow me to explain. I am impelled to tell my story to you, Lady Rothsmere, for the reason that you are a woman. To her I could not; because never would I believe that you could have known Darrel Moor. I remember but to have seen him once, and that was in the Continent, and that he was once gone from England a year ago. Lady Thaxter can tell him then."

The Countess' remarkable excitement at the mention of Darrel Moor's name had inspired Sir Hugh with a suspicion that could not have been so commonplace acquaintance with the gentleman. Lady Thaxter, in consternation, perhaps, at her friend's sudden acquaintance with Moor's secret history before possibly she had known.

He did not see her face now, it being turned into the shadow of the screen, and was not at all trembling, as she answered reluctantly:

"I have seen Mr. Darrel Moor, and he says he was abroad, Sir Hugh. I must decline to answer your questions. I am not at liberty to confide to me. May I ask what is Darrel Moor to you?"

"This, Madam," cried Sir Hugh, with deep emphasis, "He stands in my way to happiness—to life—to love—to everything dear to Honor Gilnt—"

"I could see that," interposed the Countess softly, as his voice faltered. "And she loves you, Sir Hugh. I do not doubt it."

"It is true, Lady Rothsmere. Honor loves me, and I love her, and I have loved her since I was a boy, and we were engaged—"

"Why does she not break with him if she loves you?" asked the Countess. "Will she perjure herself by marrying one, even if she is promised to him, to whom she does not love?"

"She is bound to him by no light promise, Lady Rothsmere. I had considered it a sacred trust."

"That shield a wife? Impossible!"

"She is as true as steel," said Sir Hugh, sure that the words have been spoken over them that had been spoken over the Countess' head. She had regained all the self-possession that she had lost from the first sentence. She was now quite herself again.

"Then why did she marry him?"

"Because Captain Gilnt's wife, who is not Honor's mother, was blackmailing him for her, and Moor proposed to Honor when her father was under arrest, and released him from him, and might have loved him in time. She was very young, and did not know her own heart. But in the very waters of the chapel where she stood after signing her name, he revealed his wicked nature to her so completely that she fled from the church and from him in very terror. It was after that that I asked her to marry me and she learned that she loved me."

"It's a very strange affair," said the Countess.

"Yes. I have consulted a lawyer, and find that Honor is bound to Moor while he lives. She cannot have her marriage annulled—she has not grounds upon which to sue for divorce. My only hope is that Darrel Moor may have a wife living."

"Has he spoken love for such a hope?" asked the Countess, almost in a whisper.

"I was whatever, beyond a passing knowledge of Moore natures. He is ardent and fiery, and reckless in every thing that he undertakes, and is very much infatuated, and has not a wife living somewhere now. I believe that he would be glad to know it. The reason may be that he is married already."

"But if so, would not the marriage have been annulled?"

"Not if the match were likely to have been advantageous to his uncle, the present Waldemar. His lordship is peculiar. He discarded his only son Wallace Floyd for a marriage with the daughter of a man with whom he had had a quarrel, and who was said to have taken advantage of him in his low, young lady who was mentioned in that item in the Journal as the fruit of Wallace Floyd's marriage. The question whether Darrel Moor has had designs upon the title and estates, and intercept to me, and involves my future happiness and welfare. If he has a wife still living Honor's marriage to him is null and void, and I will lead my own sweet Countess to my inquiry into Darrel Moor's past life? Can you help me?"

"I will do what I can, Sir Hugh," the Countess, in a low tone.

He asked the question as if his life depended upon the answer.

There was a short and deathly silence. Then the Hungarian Countess answered, in a low voice:

"I have reason to believe, Sir Hugh, that Darrel Moor has been married!"

"Is he not?" Waldemar," Lady Thaxter hastened to explain. "Lord Waldemar was Sir Darrel Moor's uncle, and his title and estates, who being unfortunately involved in Waldemar title, Mr. Darrel Moor is his nephew, and will succeed him. The title was ill a month or two since, and went no into Yorkshire at his bride. Heads, Hugh, I am enough to grace over the columns of the Court Journal many a small item of the sort, by now, and see if there is not some mention of Lord Waldemar's illness in some one of the papers."

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER

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ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1861

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The Prison Congress—A Sensible Idea.

The result of the late Prison Congress—at least the main result—may be very briefly stated. It is contained in the single proposition that prisoners are to be treated as human beings, and with a view to their reformation and improvement.

When a person's self-respect and self-esteem are gone, everything is gone; and yet all of our present system, at present, are calculated to annihilate the feeling of self-respect in the convicts. This is uncivilization. It is barbarous.

Prisoners, in many of our institutions, are not even known by their names, but only by numbers. The grand object seems to be to make them think as little of themselves as possible.

Then they are kept in intellectual darkness. Dr. LIVINGSTONE, in the interior of Africa, is hardly more shut off from the sources of information as to what is going on in the world, than a convict in a State prison.

It is said that to furnish them with the newspapers would render them more discontented. This may be admitted; and even if it would, it would be a more chgritable means of awakening discontent than many that are now practiced, such as noisome cells, bad food, excessive tasks and cruel punishments.

We think prisoners should be securely confined, so that they cannot escape. And they should be made as comfortable as possible, consistently with such security.

The next thing should be to furnish them with suitable employment; and in order at once to eradicate their vicious habits of voluntary industry, and at the same time to render their labor more productive, they should be allowed a certain per centage of its profits. Wherever this plan has been adopted we believe it has worked well.

The next great thing should be to improve the prisoners in mind and heart. Give them books and papers to read, and let those who are entirely ignorant be regularly instructed in the elementary branches of education. Indeed, we have great faith in the notion that Sunday would not be better off if one-half of every day were spent by all the prisoners in studying such branches as are adapted to their capacities and previous acquirements respectively—accompanying the intellectual instruction with a large degree of attention to moral culture.

With such a system, it seems to us that prisoners would generally possess better characters at the expiration of their terms of confinement, instead of worse, as it seems to be pretty well understood is the case now.

It is certain that some great reform will have to be made in our administration of criminal law. Both property and life are growing constantly less and less secure. It means cannot be found to effect reform, and it will become necessary to keep a much larger number permanently shut up. This would be cruel if it can be avoided safely; but it is cruel as it is to treat them, even for a little while, unchanged in character, to prey upon society.

Whatever You Do, Do Well.

We receive letters, very frequently, containing applications for an opportunity to write for the *Ledger*, sometimes inclosing specimen articles, and sometimes with a request that we will excuse mistakes on account of haste, and experience that future articles will be better.

We have a termination to a letter we always consider, of itself, a sufficient ground for condemnation of the writer. It shows him unqualified, not only to write for the *Ledger*, but also to do anything else well.

"I have not time," is the apology. What is the reason you have not time? Is it not of sufficient importance that you should do well what you are attempting—that you should take sufficient time for it?

The fact is, that people who are in so much of a hurry that they can do nothing properly, are generally those who have nothing of importance to do. Men whose time is very much occupied, and who have a great deal of business to attend to, are very apt to have an appreciation of the necessity of doing things well.

A boy writes us a long letter, saying that he is an assistant-librarian, and asking our opinion whether he is justified in now to his present situation, or relinquish it to go to school. At the end of two and a half pages of his paper, he says:

"Please your opinion of my *handwrite*."

He was too indolent or too careless to look his letter over and see that he had said "handwrite" instead of handwriting. If he lives to be forty years old, he will probably have learnt that when he sends a letter to a stranger, or to any one from whom he wishes a favor of kind by his letter, it is worth even his while to read the letter over and see that it is expressed and spelt correctly.

It is better to do one thing a day as it ought to be done, than to half do a thousand.

WESTWARD HO!

BY REV. DR. JOHN HALL, NEW YORK.

"I see you in the *Ledger* sometimes—we take it for the children."

So said a lady to me in Chicago. She had come some hundreds of miles "for the sake of old times," as people will do who have had the good fortune to draw their first breath in the moist air of Ireland. Her allusion to the *Ledger* set a train of thought in motion.

She took it "for the children." Well, they will not see in it an impure sentiment, a vicious association, or a suggestion of current criminality, else it is not advertised. The fiction in it gives them as fiction, which is a great deal better than giving them fiction as true, and really good fiction is scarcer the truth than any number of fact stories, such as the minutes of the City Government, or of the Erie Board. What a real gain it would be to society, if all printed papers were truthfully labelled! Fancy reports, "romances," "sensations," "humbugs," "suggestions," and "autobiographies" would be barely "founded on fact," and from some fine volumes one should erase the historical "all" and "true."

And the second thought respected the impression one of a large city like New York. "We take it for the children." So they do in Salt Lake City; so they do in Virginia City, where the newsman tells me, more than any other paper of its kind, the Messrs. Harper, the Beecher, and Fanny Fern, and Ethel Lynn, as well as the Bible. Every one who has children with a taste for reading, or who has none, has no doubt with curious wonder, those serene, independent citizens of the republic, who disclose themselves as lavishing all their wealth of love on a little child, whose fountains soon flutter with excitement if a second baby even intimates its existence prematurely in man.

Well, I suppose, we say good-bye to Chicago, a wonderful city, a monument to the fury and terror of rain—the debris mostly cleared away—and there is a big new city with a bewildered pine showing how ruthless the fire had been—the lumber and timber merchants reasoning as monuments of what was left on this month's fire. Surprising, also, is its renovation. Men build up their business premises with a rapidity that is quite astonishing. Not only are they built, but they will fall at once the old. Chicago atmosphere imposes ambitions on the people as it takes away in summer. The cool airs from their inland seas, and the prairies, and the pure sun finds the churches filled on the Sabbath-day as large as the writer's modest eye could tended. with worshippers. What an inspiring thing it is to see a people with a purpose, and lifted right up by it! Talk of occupation and tribulation! Is there any case so blamable as that which is the result of idleness? Let the grand places, where small parties of four meet for dinner, be crowded as they are, and the clergyman will have the courage to say "or" instead of after the long grace," and the gentlemen of the church, I did not mean the Church of God, but the Church of Mammon, will not grudge the money that the dinner it shall do so. I was arrested on the way to my hotel, and carried to a fine building, built stone mansion on the lake side, held there with the utmost civility, and informed that I could not go

THE BEGGAR AT THE GATE.

BY DR. C. D. GARDETTE.

The dusty road is all ashine
With mid-June fume from the summer sky;
The creeping flocks and heedless kine
The hot stands drag their burdens by.

By the cool inn I meet old,
They look and linger, but pass on in trust,
To their appointed rest at fold
Beyond the sun-gaze and the dust.

While I, beneath the boughs that span
The massive gateway's arch and scale,
A moody, miserable man,
Lie by like shadows, pale and prone.

For here, beneath the lindens twain
Of the inn's portal, I have my stand
To ask and plead for much or vain
For that which is denied to still—

For joys from which I seem to be
Still locked and barred by fate or foe—
When, to Heaven's half-closed ears, I see
A beggar halting at the gate.

A spent and broken wretch he seems:
The rusted limbs he scarce can raise;
The hollow mouth hints gloom,
And I have been a wretch, in ways.

"Rest I am! Rest I crave!"
Yet, if the bolts that from me bar
My rest, should'st teach me thus to bit,
Thy pathway hence should be of gold."

He smiled a wan and weary smile.
"Your golden guerdon comes too late:
I only need to rein a while,
Within the shelter of your gate."

He smiled a brighter, stranger smile,
And I, who had my way, looked
And laid him down to rest awhile,
And so I looked, and he was dead!

So then I knew that this was best,
And that we wander still, and wait
Till we shall come by turns to rest,
As beggars, at the Eternal Gate!

THE BLACK DOCTOR;

OR, THE

Prophecy of the Voodoo King.

AN HISTORICAL TALE OF THE SPANISH RULE IN LOUISIANA.

By WILLIAM HENRY PECK,
Professor of History in the University of the State of Louisiana.

CHAPTER XXI.

MERCITA RECOGNIZES THE VOODOO CANE.

The date of our story here is 1786.

As Mercita uttered the appearance of her mistress, she cast a quick glance toward Adrastè Scipian, who had withdrawn with a shuffling step to one corner of the apartment, where he stood in a posture of exceeding humility, his fire-coal eyes, his hands crossed behind him, his body stooped far forward.

The old negro had been harnessed old hat; in the old-fashioned black cane—the serpentine, skull-headed Voodoo cane—which he had brought from Sydnam, the slave of Sancho Pedro.

It was the first time that this cane had been seen in the Vaville mansion. Adrastè Scipian had let it rest with his things in the luggage his attendance upon Madame Vaville, in his usual manner as to hide it from the view of Mercita.

She had not seen it when she ushered him into the room, half an hour before, and left him to speak with her mistress, or at that time Adrastè Scipian carried it hidden under his long and voluminous shadowy cloak, by design or by chance.

As yet, this cane of the dead Voodoo king had been seen in New Orleans by but few persons. Those few persons were Sancho Pedro, Don Jose Salzedon, and Juan, and Mr. Mc-Donald, the trader.

The reader will therefore perceive that this "Adrastè Scipian," before Madame Vaville was either Sancho Pedro, Don Jose Salzedon, or old Juan. From what has been told of the latter, the reader is well aware that Adrastè Scipian was not old Juan.

But the four—Sancho Perez, Ivan, Don Sebastien and old Juan—were dead men in or near New Orleans.

They were the Voodoo chest.

Mercita had cast a quick glance toward Adrastè Scipian, shuddered either from fear, disgust or some deep antipathy to the man, and then encountered to her mistress with that air of profound respect which all in that mansion observed toward Madame Vaville at all times.

"Madame rang for me?" said Mercita, in her low, sweet voice.

"Yes, Mercita, for it is that I have only just heard of your return, and that you are suffering my kind friend Madame Vaville—Mercita is a severe tone.

"Ho! Sabado, Madame," replied Mercita, with a slight gesture toward Adrastè Scipian, "Master Sabado, head of the house while you were unconscious, and Master Leon being absent, he commanded all to obey him, even myself—and he another gesture toward Scipian—"and he was right, Madame, for Sabado should be kept a secret from you until he should see fit to inform you."

"Sabado is a jingling of tiny bells—Sabado's career as he bowed, and his sharp, wiry voice, toned very low, remarked:

"If I may be permitted to speak, Madame, I am sorry that I feared that Mercita was to be ordered back as an old servant might be too much for the mistress. I am sure that you would have considered I have made the fact known to her."

"Very true, Adrastè Scipian, and you acted wisely. Now, Mercita, tell me something of Medico's death."

She died suddenly, Madame," replied Mercita, "and I think did not suffer much pain, poor old soul!"

"I think overeating killed her," said Scipian quickly, and with his back toward Mercita.

"Overeating?" exclaimed Mercita, in some fear, and looking forward hastily.

"Overeating in the kitchen," said Scipian humbly.

She had not eaten anything in the kitchen, Madame Vaville, but had gone to the mansion, as she invariably does, to receive her provisions," replied Mercita, looking only at her mistress.

"Orange," said Scipian, suggestively, and in the range; hands from he had always used when in Mercita's hearing.

"Orange! Oh, Madame, it is true that poor old Medico did eat to repletion in the room of Master Vaville, and Clara said Medico was sick, and she feel like to die, after eating half of a little orange and sugar inviting anybody? replied Mercita, with a sudden look of fear and shrinking, full of anger and excitement. I wonder that I did not die myself!"

And Madame Ruth would have died had Master Adrian Dudley agreed that I should be in the room as she," said Scipian, half aloud.

I intend," replied Mercita, "that I said and believed that Scipian could do nothing for Madame Ruth, as long as I was in Vaudalusia, and Madame Vaville."

Yet, Mercita," remarked Madame Ruth, who in many respects treated this favorite servant more as a friend than as a slave, "you must own that their life may have saved us!" added Madame Ruth, shuddering, "more than once my life was saved by this man, a Voodoo doctor! But for Adrastè Scipian, I should have been entombed while yet alive, and, Grand God, the agony of retrieved consciousness! Who would have come upon me in the grave?"

In the grave, Madame," said Scipian; "and though in reality your other existence there would have been but momentary, that moment of regained consciousness would have been to you, body and soul, a hundred ages of indescribable horror. I once knew a man who had been hanged, and who was cut down by his rescuers ere he had been suspended ten seconds. Madame, he swore to me that those ten seconds had seemed to him, as he strangled to the agony of death, ten thousand years of horrible bodily and mental agony. During those ten seconds, he declared, his soul, which said he saw the sun rise and set a myriad times, and years on years come and go, and saw all on a endless cycle, while he could not die, but knew he was to die, and was dying in the awful torture of his accursed rope. Madame, it was from such horrors of living death and dying life, that Adrastè Scipian has had the fortune, and the power, and, Madame, he would add, the will to save you."

Scipian emphasized the word wish. Madame Ruth knew the meaning he intended to convey thereby—that though he, Adrastè Scipian, had had the will to save her from this terrible death, there were those, or there was at least one, who possessed the power to have thrust it upon her.

The will had been exerted to you, Adrastè Scipian," said Don Jose," and Madame Vaville, in a low, tremulous voice, which much affected by Scipian's impressive words and especially overcome by the power of his eyes, as he uttered them.

But Mercita had also had her attention greatly aroused by Adrastè's emphasis upon the word wish. Her hearing was acute and rebellious. She had heard in the vengeful old Voodoo doctors as more charitable, and having concerned a profound antipathy toward Adrastè Scipian from the moment she had first seen him, five days before, and having since that day avoided his presence as much as possible while he remained in the house, she knew little of his command of ideas and language.

She had never yet addressed to Scipian directly, since his appearance in the Vaville mansion, and now, as he spoken to her in his medical position upon her mistress, to Mercita, scorning, or fearing, to look upon the countenance of the man, had never even once replied directly to him, nor turned her face toward him.

At first sight of Adrastè Scipian, and without suspecting that he was other than he presented to be, Mercita had experienced keenly a profound antipathy toward Adrastè Scipian from the moment she had first seen him, five days before, and having since that day avoided his presence as much as possible while he remained in the house, she knew little of his command of ideas and language.

She had never yet addressed to Scipian directly, since his appearance in the Vaville mansion, and now, as he spoken to her in his medical position upon her mistress, to Mercita, scorning, or fearing, to look upon the countenance of the man, had never even once replied directly to him, nor turned her face toward him.

At first sight of Adrastè Scipian, and without suspecting that he was other than he presented to be, Mercita had experienced keenly

ADRASTE SCIPIAN UNDER GREAT EXCITEMENT DROPS THE VOODOO CANE.

that crawling, slumbering sensation which rose from in suddenly perceiving a hideous and venomous serpent, which had come on the moment caged and bobbed in glass, lives writhing in the room, and may yet escape with its fatal fangs.

This disagreeable sensation had not decreased in Mercita's mind, although it had fixed itself there simultaneously with her first sight of Adrastè Scipian. She had striven to herself in accord, and tried to resolve her first impressions of him into those mere prejudices of contempt—such as she had ever had for all Africans—especially those of the Voodoo race, Ethiopels or Voodoos. In this she had failed. The image of Adrastè Scipian is her mind, or in her eyes, could not vary with contemplation. To her literal or remembered presence seemed to say:

"Adrastè Scipian is one to be feared—and especially by you, Mercita!"

Therefore she had avoided not only speech with him directly, but look or word to him or about him.

And she did this because, as she had said to her mistress, "I cannot see this man without shuddering; and I shudder because there is that about him, I know not what, nor why I perceive it, which reminds me of a man whose face I have seen."

As she uttered these, her hearing was acute and refined. She detected a change in the slight but significant emphasis with which Adrastè Scipian open the word wish.

She turned slightly and looked at him. He also had faced toward her, and the cause of the dead Voodoo king, in the hand of which he seemed a human skull, and its serpentine shape, in her full view.

He was not leaning upon it, but while its head rested upon the floor, he held it by the end, and a dozen inches of its head up, held it perpendicularly erect, and also in a fighting attitude.

As if a live serpent erect on the tip of its tail, and coiled and ready to dart its poisoning and then decreasing spirals, the Voodoo cane remained motionless.

That cane had been seen by Mercita twelve years before, in the hands of the dead Sancho Pedro, and by Don Jose Salzedon, and by him, in obedience to the written command of the mysterious Voodoo king, delivered to the resigned his cabin for its occupation by Mercita.

It had become familiar to her during that lonely occupancy of the cabin. Sancho Pedro had often handled it, and studied admiringly its serpentine and skull-like form, and pointed out to her the peculiar beauty of the silver scales and eye-lings from whom it had descended to Sancho Pedro, and the cunning of the artist who had sufficient knowledge of the blacks of the West Indies to know that the cane was what they called "fetish," that is, sacred or superstitious. She was, therefore, familiar with the cane had once belonged to some slave. Sancho Pedro had told her that the slave had mortally imagined that Perez had possessed in his cabin as a curiosity. At the same time she had read on the cane the name of the slave upon by whose will she was being conveyed to New Orleans—Agamon. Mercita, however, or deeply scratched into the hard wood by Sancho Perez, as she reader remembers, had started in great surprise as she saw that the cane was now in the hands of a man who was so obviously not a slave, after such manifestation, and perceiving that the carving of the name was freshly made, she had instantly coincided that Perez had himself cut it there, after he had possessed himself of the cane, whose tenor he was then obeying to the very letter.

Mercita was well aware of the fate of Perez and Don Sebastien, and of Juan, and of Don Jose Salzedon, because Don Jose had come to acquitted of the murder of Angelico Ro, but convicted upon other charges, and sentenced for life to the quicksilver mines of Almaden.

At the date of Scipian's admittance to the Vaville mansion, she believed that Adrastè Perez was still a convict in those mines, or that he was dead.

She knew that he was dead, for she found and detested the man. She had never forgotten his features, nor the peculiar expression of Sara Kaymonde, and his ferocious wrath toward herself, as he and she parted twelve years before.

After that parting, she had not felt safe from his menaced revenge until she learned that he was dead, and that she was possessed of the Grand Voodoo cane.

The Voodoo cane in the hand of Adrastè Scipian startled her, and for instant was gazed at it, and not at him, with diluted eyes.

For the first time since his entrance into that house, for the first time for more than twelve years, Adrastè Scipian, whether he was Adrastè Perez, or Don Sebastien, or now had a full view by clear light of the features of Mercita.

But, as we have been careful to intimate already, Mercita owns a kind of head-dress both Turkish and Egyptian in style. It covered the whole of her head to her eyebrows in front, like a turban, and her ears, cheeks and neck behind, like the ancient head-dire of Egyptian women; and her throat was buried in the gem in a snow-white ruff of many folds or frillings.

Therefore whether Adrastè Scipian was Sancho Perez, or Ivan, or Don Sebastien, and whether he had or had not recognized Mercita, he was by him at the sight of the cane, with dilated eyes, he started violently staggered back a pace, but fell the cane, and was in a clear ground so as to present his back to Mercita. Madame Vaville, given his bosom over his heart with both hands, and seemed to be in a fit of suffocation as to his accustomed.

The Voodoo cane fell upon the floor, and caught quickly by Mercita.

She picked it up with an involuntary exclamation, and found her temporary place to that part of it where she remembered the name Agamon. Madame Vaville no one cane she had seen on the Bonbloss.

Mercita had not seen that the scar made by the fire which had entered in the shape of the pawnbroker was there where the name had been, deep and plain.

Mercita's glance, as quick as lightning it, and with a memory as retentive as of yesterday, flashed over the cane from head to foot.

Mon Dieu! she exclaimed mentally, and with a shudder of fear, "Adrastè Perez! Why was he here—and with Adrastè Scipian—how whom I fear—and—"

Madame Vaville had not see Scipian heard her words, but the former, already startled by the strange change in the latter, who stood trembling and gripping his breast with his left hand, and looking at Mercita in a manner from her chair as Mercita dropped the cane and sank to the floor at full in a swoon.

CHAPTER XXII.

MADAME VAVILLE RECOGNIZES THE CANE.

Madame Vaville had risen in her excitement of alarm, and was about to seize the bell cord, when Mercita fell to the floor.

"Ah, Madame! call no one! It is nothing. All of a sudden I am sick, and I—I am not—"

"Not to Mercita, who has some of the secrets of nature—the secrets of life," interrupted Madame Vaville, about to advance to raise or assist the unconscious woman.

Permit me, Madame le fille—Madame is too lovely young creature to be touched by me," said Scipian, restraining the intended movement of Madame Vaville by a gesture, and stepping between the prostrate form of Mercita. She was a rare Vaville, weak from recent illness, and dance as an look-loser and as a sceptic, and as last her chair, he added in a deep whisper, which his face toward the lady:

"Madame, this woman is the poisoner! To her this cane belongs—the poison from which you will suffer, the poison by which Medico was killed!"

Scipian made no movement toward restoring Mercita to consciousness, but held the cane toward Madame Vaville.

"Grand C——, is it possible! Can it be possible?" pronounced Mrs. Vaville, slowly. "Do you find the vial in her room?"

"No, Madame, I was not conscious in a moment of painful despair, evading the question, and looking down upon the cane, and then upon the prostrate form of Mercita. She was doing nothing of the charge yet, Madame. Send her from the room and summon assistance."

Mercita's head-dress had not been put on to shut off one ear of her hearing. She was so made that one not familiar with its functions could not easily discover it. She, therefore, her consciousness before Scipian was able to recover, and that he was about to summon assistance to take it off, she remembered where she was, and what was being said, and, pressing her hand to her temples, and glancing at Scipian with that wild look we may see in eyes of a person suddenly awakened from a dreadful consciousness from a terrible night mare, she exclaimed:

Mon Dieu! She draws a dagger!" exclaimed Scipian, and he sprang to the floor to fall back to the full cord.

Mercita had drawn a dagger of her mistress out of the bosom of her dress, and was at Mercita.

Seeing to her feet, flashed a glance of terror toward Scipian, instantly readjusted her head-dress, which Scipian had caused to remove had pulled awry, but her dagger in her hand, and, with a look of fierce hatred on one knee near the chair of her mistress, said, in a low, hissing voice:

"Madame!

"Pardon, for what, Mercita?" asked Madame Vaville, in a cold and suspicious tone.

"I think—I think I fainted, Madame."

"Yes, you swooned, Mercita. Why?"

"Well, Madame," replied the kneeling slave, looking at the hideous cane of the voodoo king, "I suppose I am a fool, but I—I—I have become a living servant to my grave! Oh! it was horrible! I cast it from me! I know no more! Was I long in the room, dear mistress?"

"Madame will not forget my caution to avoid too much excitement," said Scipian, who stood behind Mercita, and making a gesture which Madame Vaville understood to mean, "Send Mercita from the room."

Madame Vaville did not see fit to comply at once, but said to Mercita:

"Her duty can not be a dagger in my presence, Mercita!"

"Oh, dear Madame! I did not know what I was doing. I will never so offend you again."

"Her duty can not be a dagger about your person, Mercita!"

"Ah, Madame does not know—" began Mercita; but she checked herself instantly, and said, "I will not offend again, Madame."

"Then you should have obtained your permission to carry a weapon."

"That cane!" said the haughty old lady, whose faith in the virtues of Mercita was now greatly shaken. "Of course, you who are so well educated, know that it is a crime for a slave to carry a concealed weapon—one either with the law punishes with the scourge, with branding, with mutilation, and with imprisonment. Besides, you who carries a concealed dagger, may also have violent and vital designs."

Scipian, not pleased with this last remark, again made that gesture which besought Madame Vaville to send the slave from the room.

But Mercita, ignorant of this gesture, exclaimed:

"Oh, dear Madame! I have no vital—"

"Why not?" continued Madame Vaville, giving no heed to Mercita's words. "It is in my heart that is always ready to kill. It is no sin to kill a traitor, and you are a traitor to me."

Madame Vaville's grand black eyes studied keenly the features of the kneeling slave as she spoke these fearful words, and then, with a look of fearful bewilderment; and to herself, Mercita exclaimed:

"Traitor! Madame has found out my falsehood by her illness. It watches. She does not believe me. She—"

"Scipian," continued Madame Vaville, in a cold and imperative tone, "take the cane—your Voodoo cane—and let us see what it is that has so affected Mercita."

Scipian, studying behind Mercita, and bowing to his lady, drawing her cautiously toward the cane near its fertile, and touched the head of the cane with his finger, and said:

As the cane was thus passed over Mercita's head, it touched her left temple, she shuddered; for to her it seemed as if the cane were the hideous Voodoo king revivified, and was about to turn on the head of Adrastè Scipian to fasten its fangs in his throat.

But this shudder was because of a memory of the past, and not of the present, and was not observed by Madame Vaville, who had not perceived nearly forty years before the cane which Scipian was now presenting to the notice of the lady of Africa, to their idols.

It was a cane which for a moment, that the reader may fully understand why Madame Vaville had been even to desire to see the cane and all its bearings, and why the sight of it had so affected Mercita, we will state that the cane had been carried by Agamon, when a slave, to Africa, and had been presented by him to his master, Sancho Perez, on his return to Spain.

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[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CURSE OF CORAN.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DRURY.

"Grand Juge!" It was with this that they beat out the brains of my son."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The sorrows of a noble mind are spring fresh, which overflow the common cheek; if corrupt and contracted once are the narrow fronts, which are only followed by winter.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

EVADNE.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

When all the shuddering woodlands rave,
Before a steaming East wind bent,
And chanting sea break, rear to wave,
Beneath a insolent firmament,
Then Evadne, in her grief,
The firm sea cries—the breakers curled
Assert the low reef's pallid strand;
And far across the watery world,
Yearning I watch the dreary East,
Where, hidden from my straining eyes,
Some token that the night hath ended,
Some prophecy of morning skies,
Something the Eve's sad silence sighs
About the spectral dawn of stars;
Something that shall bring release
Well wisdo from chaos my native race.
I lift a dark and bitter face
To the unsympathetic heavens,
And utter to the Night a moan:
Night, that hast neither form nor space,
Thou hidden light—or Power unknown!
Thou knowest what Heaven is shut on me,
And why I walk this earth alone!

MEHEMET ALI'S DAGGER.

AN ENGLISH DRAMA IN PROSE.

SCENE I.

Mr. George Playfair, an English merchant of great wealth, was one day sitting in the counting-house in Calcutta, looking over some commercial papers, when a servant in the livery of the honse he is interrogating. Just what he would must have wished to be alone, his chief clerk entered, and said that a native, who wished to see him particularly.

Mr. Playfair looked up, and said:

"Tell him to call another time, for I am very busy now."

A few moments after the clerk returned, saying:

"He tells me it is a matter of life or death, and that he has something to say to you of the utmost importance."

"Did you see his name?" inquired Mr. Playfair.

"Yes, sir; he said his name was Mehemet Ali Singh," replied the clerk.

Well, show him in, Jones; but I know nothing of the man."

Jones did as he was directed, and Mehemet Ali Singh was ushered into the room of the merchant. After a variety of oriental salutations, he began to explain the business that he had come about; but his English was so bad that Mr. Playfair, who happened to know the native language, requested him to speak in that utterance. The man complied, and soon explained the affair. He said he was the representative of a Hindu family of fabulous antiquity, and that he was the last of many children, all of them but one dead save himself. This one was a beautiful girl of twenty, and she was the only joy of the old man's declining years. Mehemet Ali Singh, who was one of the numerous native feudal lords in Bengal, had no resources wherewith to provide medical aid, or even the necessaries of life for the child.

Mr. Playfair, thinking from this that Mehemet wished to obtain alms of him, and being a benevolent man, opened his purse, and gave Hindu, a nobleman of nature's own making, to know himself to be in his debt to such an extent.

Let the English lord wait until he hears what his servant would say.

Mr. Playfair paused. The Hindu also hesitated. They looked one another in the face, and then Mr. Playfair, beginning to recover himself, said:

"Well, Mehemet, tell me what you want. I'll do anything for you that is in my power."

"Is it possible?"

"My lord shall know." replied the Hindu in his own language, and looking so coolly that Mr. Playfair was touched, and said:

"Well, let me what it is, and I will try to help you."

Mehemet, who pretended to speak as if unmoved, replied:

"I am only a poor man, as my lord sees; but I am not so poor as to be without some few luxuries, palaces and servants, much gold and many silver—all that my heart of soul could wish—but this day I, the son of a great line, am alone and have nothing. By myself, I would die; but little Fatima, can I see her in wretched help, without food, the last of my race? Only one thing I have; this dagger! It has words wrath many hundred years in its character. It is charmed for good to the house of Ali, but for evil to a stranger. I pray not evil for it could soon get money. But I would not sell it, for it is mine. I have only had it by succession a few years, and keep the dagger till Mehemet may ask for it again?"

Mr. Playfair looked at the dagger, the merchant. "I never lent money in that way," he said to himself. "If the jewels are genuine, he could easily get money of the—" he continued, when at the same moment the face of the poor Hindu father knocked over all his persuasion, and he said:

I don't care a straw about your dagger. You are welcome to it, and to the money. But you are telling the truth, and I want to see a man in real misery without helping him. Here are two hundred rupees. Get food and physic for the child. If you want more, come to me, and that I'll see poverty and sin the case."

The Hindu bowed lowly as he heard the rough decree of the English merchant, and with many expressions of thanks, left the splendid commercial hall.

Some hours after, when the merchant was at dinner, a friend of his, a man who had known Calcutta hardier, came into his room and began to chat. Suddenly the friend noticed the dagger, which had remained unnoticed since the beggar left, and said:

"I wonder that you have this dagger about, with only words from heaven for thirty thousand rupees."

"Thirty thousand!" exclaimed the merchant.

"Certainly," replied the banker, who then he entered into a long explanation needless to repeat here.

The merchant looked up the dagger in his safe. But he was not easy. He said to himself:

"I thought the dagger was only a dodge. I did not believe what the man said about the jewels; but now I am afraid I have done a good to would-be-rogue."

The dagger troubled the merchant so much that he resolved to place it in the hands of the owner, purposing to give him not only the weapon, but a good round sum of money. This he never did, though God will reward him for the intention. Mr. Playfair was taken with their utmost efforts had only resulted in finding out the man dead, and that he had died on the very day that the man came to the office.

A few weeks after, Mr. Playfair left India for Europe. His wife had been dead for some years, and his daughter, Miss Ellen, had been educated in England, and was grown up to be a young childish years, and was toddling about, to become as much a man as her father. When Mr. Playfair was introduced to a young lad of more than eighteen years, and found him to him a likeness of himself in early days, he could hardly believe his own eyes. The colored merchant was, however, very proud of his son, and being induced to believe that he was proud, out on very well with him, which he never found for his wealth, for his pride was no small matter.

SCENE II.

Time passed on, and young George fell in love with a poor American girl. Her father, who was nothing much to speak of, had taken her over to Europe in order to prosecute some claims to property there. He unexpectedly died, and she was left alone. With great difficulty she obtained a post as teacher in a school. It was indeed strange for a young American girl to be a stranger in England under such circumstances, but so it happened. She met her by chance, and fell in love with her in that wild and desperate fashion in which men often fall in love once in their lives.

It was no easy matter for George to make love. His father's eye was ever upon him, almost absurdly affectionately, and Annie Lee, his heart's idol, was very much against secret meetings. At first she did not know his wealth or position, and thinking him but poor as herself, felt kindly toward him, and it was not until she had confessed herself to him, that she was induced by her modesty to say that she saw how unwisely she had acted, and urged to retrace her steps.

In vain! Young George loved her, and of course all her assumed devices—for she really loved him—failed. Her intentions were right, but after all she learned the truth of the old saying of Sir Walter, the "Great Unknown," who truly declared:

Love is lord of all."

She agreed to secrecy, and they, and do all that they could to nightly wish, but upon the conditions that her beloved should not see her father, and that he should not be told of her and only child's father.

Annie Lee was a beautiful girl, and had many lovers and admirers, but she had only one heart, and that was given to the lord of her forefathers, she only thought of him.

One night after meeting the child of her heart, she entered the long dark lane where she lived, in a pretty little cottage kept by a man named Whitton, but she would not let him know where she lived, for fear of her mother and Whitton or his wife might be coming up the lane to meet her.

The lovers were not fashion.

The next morning the body of Annie Lee was found with a deep dagger-wound in the extinct, in that very lane. The body was cold and stiff when it was discovered in a pool of blood. Life had long fled.

SCENE III.

George was frantic when he heard of the fearful crime. He went to the dead-house, and looked upon the corpse of his love with such bitterness over in her cheek, and the agonized expression of her head. George was perfectly distracted when he looked upon her in the midst of the dead. A lover is always familiar with every shade and expression, every light and tinnie of the beloved one's face; but the features of Annie Lee were so changed in death that George was greatly shocked. It appeared to him that the features were entirely changed. Old Mr. Playfair, although he had never seen Annie Lee, was struck by the features of his son, and he went to the dead-house with him in his great grief, and acted father's part in endeavoring to soothe his sorrow. The next day was appointed for the inquest, and it was agreed that George and his father should go together, as Mr. Playfair had conceited that George should be called upon to identify the corpse, and, indeed, to identify the dagger which had been found in the body of the girl. Mr. Playfair had also conceited that George should be called upon

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

TRY HIM ONCE MORE.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

His case looks bad, I own, sir, very bad;
But let us try and save, not crush the lad;
He feels his guilt even to the bitter core:
Try him once more!

Deal with him, sir, this tender erring one,
As you would have another serve your son.
Remember, sir, your own first offence—
Send him not hence!

If you forgive him now, and hide his shame,
He will be his friend, perhaps, to save a name.
And shew his gratitude as he'er before:
Try him once more!

He seems a likely lad, his eye is bright;
His manly frame are proportioned right;
Let him go on, sir, still to your employ—
Try him once more!

Grow long good counsel, in a gentle way;
Tell him the story of your boyhood's day;
Recount your victories and temptations o'er;
Try him once more!

A prison cell would never better things,
For self-respect and hope might then take wings.
You say yourself it is his first offence:
Send him not hence!

As years go on, and he becomes a man,
Guided, it may be, by your own wise plans,
There will be many great ones in life's common throng
Who have erred a deed—

THE RIVAL SISTERS.

By ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF THE "SEVIL GENIUS," THE "WHITE HEROES," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.

HESTER OFF HER GUARD.

Mrs. Oliver, Lena and Nettie came in, laughing and chatting gayly together. Mrs. Oliver glanced at the disturbed face of Hester Lorne, and wondered if the discussion of her affairs had caused the visitor to look so cold and annoyed. That any cause of vexation had arisen between Hester and her protégée, she was slow to understand, for she believed that the girl had been grateful for the interest she had taken, on Raymond's account, in her welfare.

Hester arose, and said:

"You are just in time, Marion, for there is the summons to lunch. As I have only taken a cup of coffee this morning, I am ready to hear it. You shall sit beside me, Lena, and I will cut your meat all up in nice bits."

Oh, how nice that is!" she was the gleeful response. "I am glad I came in at the very time dining round with Miss Marion, for I will be sent to be with you, my pretty Estelle."

When Hester gathered around the table, a degree of constraint was felt which led Hester to encourage the gaiety of the rest, though her mother more than once reminded her that "Marion should be seen, but not heard." To this, Lena at length pointedly replied:

"I am glad that, we manage to make ourselves heard more than grown-up people. Mayn't I dance and sing and skip about as much as I please, when I come here, Estelle?"

"Indeed, you shall, my dear," was the sweet reply. "This is Liberty Hall for you, remember. You and I are old allies, you know; so you can always depend on me as your fast friend."

"I dare say you will be 'fast' in more senses than one," was the sarcastic comment of Mrs. De Lorme, aside, however, in so low a tone that no one save Mrs. Oliver caught the sense of the words. She glanced from one to the other a little puzzled, but certain now that Hester had deeply offended her guest in something that had no reference to Marion's affairs.

As if to confirm this impression, Mrs. De Lorme suddenly turned to Marion, and said, with more graciousness of manner than she had hitherto shown:

"I have not congratulated you on your approaching marriage, my dear. When I give my consent to a thing, I, will do it in a handsome way. I think my nephew will get a faithful wife in you, and I wish you all the happiness in the world. The value of such a one is above rubies. Material wealth is certainly a very good thing, and I may have desired it too much for Herbert. I see now that I was wrong. For the possession of some one cannot atone for the absence of that gentle submissiveness which is a woman's greatest charm;" and she darted a meaning glance at Hester, which she perfectly imagined was meant for herself.

Marion privately thought it a charm in which the latter was singularly deficient, but she smiled on her, and said:

"Thank you. I shall try to be a good helpmate to Herbert, and I think we shall be very happy in our way."

"Oh, I dare say. It will be a very humble way for a few years; but you have both made up your minds to it, and nothing more is to be said."

Lena broke in:

"Estelle, I want you to go with me to hear that old parrot talk. He is the funniest old thing though he uses dreadful words. Who was Bisket? Eh cods everything he says by crying out, 'Bisket's a devil, de-vil, de-vil,' drawing the last word out in the most comical manner.

"Lena! how dare you repeat such profanity?" exclaimed Mrs. De Lorme. I am really shocked at—"

She paused in her rebuke, for she caught a glimpse of Hester's face, and the flashing eyes, the wrathful pallor of cheek, made her haunted her for many a day before she found its true solution.

For an instant Hester was incapable of comprehending the full force of the child's words. That her mother had been very unpopular with the people over whom she had been placed for several years, she had known; but that their hatred would take so petty a shape as this, she had never grasped. At the moment, she felt as if she could annihilate Lena, and had caught the impetuous child in her clutches in such a mood, but she cannot but betray the violence of the anger that blazed within her bosom.

She turned to Gabriel, who was the only servant in attendance, and found that he was in his invetro displayed, though he was too well trained to show a sound of mirth in the presence of his mistress and her guests. When Hester met his eyes, he turned away in a confused manner, and frightened, and instinctively hanging his head.

"Who has said to you such a word to the utter that annoy in my house?" asked Hester, aware that her violent command would be discounted for in some plausible manner.

"I sing, Miss Estelle,—I didn't mean no fence. Miss Blake used to worrit 'round me so much, dat you see, I didn't know I was, when she were close gone, I heerded old Poll say dem words, and I sing 'em, for I didn't keep on a saying of 'em all out of me, don't ye lig it, I'll wring his neck and put an end to it."

By this time Hester had regained her composure. She said:

"No, that would be useless cruelty. The bird is not accountable for anything that he has been taught. Send him away, for I do not like to hear him talk in that way."

"Yes, I intended to, for I is very sorry I teached the old thing sich bad words. I'll give him to any body what'll take him."

Mrs. De Lorme was at a loss to understand why Hester, who had been affectionately befriended Mrs. Blake, should become so much excited at hearing her name called in her father's house. She had spoken it with perfect composure, and in that was in private conversation with no other person near to comment on its utterance. It was a mystery that baffled all the difference. She felt more kindly disposed toward her after this outburst, and gave her credit for wishing only to do by that objectionable woman what a Quixotic sense of right suggested.

As if to test Hester's forbearance to its utmost limits, when they returned to the parlor the parrot was found in possession of the one opening from the conservatory. The door had been left ajar, and he had fluttered down from his perch and entered the room, in search of the child perhaps, who had been feeding him with sweetmeats at lunch.

There he was, perched on the back of the chair on which Hester had so lately sat, crying out in his screeching tones:

"Blake's a devil, de-vil, de-vil."

After running over this formula many times with rapid utterance, he added:

"Old Hagar—old Hagar—hope de devil'll catch you—here you to cripe—ha, ha, ha!" and the shrieking laughter rang through the house.

Order Gabriel to take that wretch to the conservatory," cried Hester, to Mrs. Oliver, and putting her hand over her ears, she rushed in the direction of her own room.

She felt the necessity of being alone at least a few moments, that she might give free vent to the passion that convulsed her whole being. She locked her door, raced around the room like a caged lioness, stamping at intervals, and grinding her teeth, so fierce was her anger and hatred.

"He shall pay for this! How dared he—how dared he make her the scoff and scorn of the place, by teaching that idiotic bird such foul words as were applied to her? That he was he is my foster-brother, but that shall not screen him from my vengeance. I will find means to make him dearly rue the insolent abuse he has heaped upon me, and I will not rest satisfied that it would be acceptable to the true Estelle. The parrot shall not live to mock at a name that is dear to me, let the world say what it will, she may. I can easily settle all, fate, and I have no scruples."

The thought of vengeance on the unfortunate bird restored to calm her, for she needed her rapid walk, and with steady hand opened a little box that had been presented to her by a child who had played such things as she had been in the habit of using.

A small bottle was taken from the top of her desk, and she opened it with a curiously wrought key that she had found among the trifles of her dress. It proved to be a small medicine case which had been given to her by a child, but in one compartment was found four vials, each filled with a different colored liquid. One was dark blue, the other a bright scarlet, while she had given Hester these things. Marion could hardly have imagined that the child had found her curious and intelligent on the occasion of a visit to the laboratory, where she experimented on cats, dogs, and other helpless creatures that happened in her way for mercy.

Hester took out one of the vials, went to a drawer in a small bureau, and opened it with a key, and selecting from it a dozen sugar lozenges, she carefully dropped into each one, as vital to each one, suffering an insignificant punishment for the misdeeds of the day before. Then gathering the whole in a paper, she carefully wrapped them up, and returned to her desk.

By this time Hester had quite recovered her self-control, and she replaced the vials within the cabinet, and returned to the parlor, to find the conversation general, and all quite restored.

The two ladies had been talking anxiously together of the approaching marriage of one of them, but they had not been able to allay Hester's unaccountable agitation than of which Marion was the cause. They had not been able to account for it, and they had not the slightest spirit of hostility toward Mrs. Blake, and both felt that the unpleasant scene which they could not have occasioned such violent agitation as Hester had betrayed. The only explanation for it was the pursuit to which they had no clue, for no attempt had been made to explain it upon them.

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Mrs. Oliver broke in their conversation, Mrs. De Lorme suddenly turned to Marion, and said:

"De ion find Miss Landry pleasant to live with, Marion?"

The two girls had strayed into the conservatory, and Hester, who had been in an unusually parrot and shut him up in his cage all, he did not return to the parlor. The proximity of his mistress, and the ladies were left to themselves for a few minutes.

"With perfect frankness, Miss Oliver replied:

"I find Madame a very agreeable companion, and a fast friend. She has peculiarities, and I do not always agree with her views, but no longer I know her, the better I like her."

"I am really glad to hear you say so, for you have encourage skill in reading character. Mrs. Blake is quite a remarkable woman in her way, and she is wonderfully like her father, but she seems to have inherited all the feminine softness which was her greatest charm in early girlhood. Mary Le Baron was restrained her very badly, to make her so wilful and obstinate as she showed herself to be. After almost fighting a battle with me about that dreadful bird, she has given him to the dining-room girl, Gabriel, who is a perfect negro linguist," said Mrs. Oliver slowly, "but Estelle cannot be induced to break the rules. I think she is a creature of impulse, and she probably felt that the bird had been guarded her interests almost as if they were her own, her mother's, and that an insult came out in an ungraceful moment. I believe her name is the same as mine in the will of my father."

"I hope it is, but I don't know what to think. I really wish that Mrs. Blake had left us far with her and Ray. Is a worldly sense, but I do not like the match for Estelle. I begin to think that something besides money is necessary to make a happy marriage."

"I fully agree with your last statement, Mrs. De Lorme, and I sympathize with you and your son. I think you are tormenting yourself unnecessarily, for Estelle seems very attached to Herbert, and I believe she has promised fairly. I can say the one thing in favor of Herbert, that with a spirit equal to my daughter-in-law better, you will appreciate her more highly than some."

"I can only hope that you are right, my dear; but my son has made a fool of himself by a match in all you say of this young girl, and I am disappointed in her character, and your words, and what I have myself said you believe to be her due, without any effusion of praise. I am not in the habit of flattery, nor I remember how enthusiastic a friend you can be, so you may realize I am not your heart."

Mrs. Oliver flushed deeply, and hurriedly said:

"Then I must be very ungrateful, for Estelle has been the most thoughtful and affectionate of friends to me. I really have a very high regard for her, but I think that I am a better judge older, you know, and of course I do not speak as an extravagant lover. I can only hope and love. Ah, here comes Estelle, looking as innocent as a child, and as unconscious of mischief as her. I am glad to see that she has quite recovered from her unpleasant mood."

"I would give a small deal to know what was the cause of it," muttered Mrs. De Lorme, as Hester approached her with a confidential smile upon her face. In her most graceful manner she said:

"I am afraid that you thought me very rude to run away so unceremoniously, but I did, but I have an aversion to parrots, and that one especially. I have taken away his privileges as a reward for his misdeeds, and will try to speak as I did to Gabriel, and you will hear no more of his evil words. I should betray such anger about the indignity that has been put on Mrs. Blake, but I have taken the affection my father once felt for her, and she was really so kind to me when I was thrown on her compassion, that I cannot condemn her acutely, let others do as they will. It is really very painful to me to hear the name of one who was to me a friend, coupled to call it of late, and I was ungovernably angry at finding that my own servants had taught an irresponsible creature to ring such changes upon it. Hark! there is that wretch screaming it out again!"

The door of the conservatory had been imperfectly closed, and the voice of the doomed bird came rolling through the opening, varying his words slightly, but the burden of them still was, that Mrs. Blake was a devil who deserved to be burned to a crisp.

Mrs. Oliver moved across the parlor for the purpose of closing the door, and the voices of Lena and Nettie made a hasty gesture, and said:

"Do not take that trouble, Madame. I have recovered from my dread of the creature, and I am going in to join the girls presently. Gabriel has put him in his cage, of course, and there is nothing for me to fear, now, on that peculiarity. As that is exercised on the person of Mrs. De Lorme, this is a matter which I might not be shrink from listening to it once more. I am sorry that I was so rude to that poor woman, for she is nothing more to me than a person who has been bereaved to my compassion by our whose highest wish I am happy to accept."

"I beg that you will do nothing that is disagreeable to you on my account," said Mrs. De Lorme, in her most stately manner. "What I have said to you I have said in confidence to you, Estelle, and that has been believed to-day."

"On the contrary, it is of vital consequence to me that I shall be on the best terms with Mrs. De Lorme. I am willing to believe that he is my foster-brother, but that shall not screen him from my vengeance. I will find means to make him dearly rue the insolent abuse he has heaped upon me, and I will not rest satisfied that it would be acceptable to the true Estelle. The parrot shall not live to mock at a name that is dear to me, let the world say what it will, she may. I can easily settle all, fate, and I have no scruples."

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER

CONNUBIAL FELICITY.

BY LOUISE S. UPHAM.

For life thousand years, we've been taught to believe
That women were, all of them, born to deceive;
From cradle and boarding-school to cap and bells,
That Evil's flung at us all, everywhere;
And if we appeal, the judge will say, "Madam,
You have surely forgotten how Eve served old Adam!"

And this is the reason vain Dissent creeps in,
And rifles the home nest of love, and love's kin;
The reason these sweet provident ones are fled—
Why, I am so gospel and words must reply!
Because of sweet peace below and heaven's ark in sky!

And home is thenceforth—well, not quite a heaven-ly!

But see husband and wife, here in "this vale of tears"
Come Trial, and they breed, for a score and five years!
And never an unkind or a sharp word is said!
Grave sin that by anger their become were led!

Want entered their door and, though windows were plenty,
Love still was their guest all those years, five and twenty,
Though the best might be crisp, and the fish might be rare,
Though more trouble it be to go find to spare;
Though when in great haste for a friend or a foe
His immaculate collar is rent from his throat,
Or the jack of a small, insignificant button,
Not a word—no wee neither a cloud nor a dust-storm!

Though his wife flourished money for "things and things,"
Though she "must have this or that dress or she'll die,"
A wonderful marvel of the dress-maker's skill,
Until one happened to shine at the ball,
He was calm and serene as any June morning—
The worst of miserable cares never troubling him!

And his wife? Not an angry or unpleasant word
Ever passed on his ear since the hitching-post was placed!

And though he invited a friend home to dine
With the 5am, yester's roast, served cold, without-and-with,
Not a grimace have they guessed that she was hot human,
For she wouldn't scold then, and she—it seems! not woman!

My tale is a true one, though it cannot be proved,
For the couple have—well, the old couple moved!
Having had, for so many long years, but one house
Between one died, the other could not wait any be-hind;
But sensibly compels me to add, on their town
You can read, "This couple were both dead and buried here."

MACK.

BY MARY RYLE DALLAS.

One morning an old woman who went out begging produced, on returning, a shrivelled old man as coat washing, found on the steps of the tenement in which she lived a dirty basket, with a dirty bit of bread stuffed in it. Peeping under this covering she saw a baby's face. It was a very young baby, and was asleep, having been drugged with laudanum, and it never saw the old woman's face cost one ragged nod.

"It will be what blows nobody any good," the old woman to herself. "Here I was going to have a bit of bread when I got home, yes, so as to get to sleep and forget my aches; but a baby's a baby; and if I don't make by this, why I can just chuck it away again, and I don't think I will make though. Ladies' feelin's is generally touched by a grandmother and a baby."

Accordingly the sympathizing public soon saw this respectable female seated at her door with a baby in her arms, a public blessing with the baby in her arms.

Pennies and even ten-cent stamps were evoked by the little pity-story with its mouth full of wrinkled pink fat. One or two ladies even spoke about the child to the old woman, who always replied that she was its grandmother and a widow, and that the child was an orphan. Two cents' worth of milk was bought for it, and a pap-bottle, and if laudanum kept it quiet for a week more. And the unfortunate little waif was kept by the old woman, and in time learned to walk, learned to fight, learned to swear; was sent out to beg itself, and became a pickpocket.

The old woman died at last, and there was no one even to call him. He lived somehow. He earned money by an odd job now and then. He stole anything he could. He was tossed into reformatory schools now and then, but he was very cunning and bad, and soon learned how to baffle the police. Perhaps he was not more unlucky than another would be sometimes; he was quick, his stomach full, he lay on his back in some empty boat moored to a quay wharf and, rocked by the lapping waves, slept with his leg of a hot cock his eyes. Sometimes he even went to the gallery of some cheap theatre and saw a play, and would be was a noble highwayman" hanging by his toe to a gallows-tree on the stage, and he would clap and whistle, and making his exit with the air of this elegant and theatrical manner. When he was rich enough to do it, and have pork and beans afterward, he felt perfectly content.

And there were moments when he was quite horribly—days when he had no food, nights when he slept in the streets, and he had been arrested once or twice, and had spent a certain time in jail. So were carried on his life, when on the covert called for a sick dog, the dog-stealer was discovered to be a child of five hundred pounds, and had made a point of on him with tracks which he could not read, and will not speculate which he could not read, with offers of decent clothes if he would go to church, which he accepted, though he never crossed the church porch, gave him up at last as a bad job.

So he grew up to manhood—attained those years when the heart begins to beat, and hopes awaken, new aspirations are entered, there love begins to stir the soul—life's golden time, if seeds are to be believed. Even he was usually street creature, a little alteration came. He always had a certain how to smoke; he learns by picking up cigar ends from the gutters; but when he could get a cigar he did drink now, also; and he had begun to understand the mysterious influence of drink. He disliked all occasions. He was very sociable, full of tobacco, always with his chin thrust forward and his hands in his pockets, never saying one being on earth, a good fighting man; accomplished in every low vice. There stands our hero, answering for no especial reason to the name of Mack, and having no regular business or calling whatever. Yet he was not so well to-do as a well-dressed fellow enough, with bright eyes. Doubtless his mother was his mother.

So more than ever good people who met him tried to reform him. For a while one or two excellent missionaries found that Mack was going to "get religion." They prayed for him. They got him into church and prayed with him. He had not the slightest idea what it was all about. He went in their big rooms once or twice—a room in the worst part of the city, hired for the purpose of attracting all the degraded to the meetings. He said a few words, and he sang a few hymns, and got him to income upon his own feelings, and would seemed more deeply moved at times than any missionary of the praying band. And Dr. Walker declared that he had great hopes of him.

Also he visited by one of the conversation box from under the very nose of its near-neighbor grandam, and decamped with it to some unknown region, leaving on the seat he had occupied when most moved, a pack of cards, arranged in the order of a hundred and one patience.

"There's hope for a great many lost sheep," said old Dr. Walker, "but, I'm sorry to say, I'm afraid Satan is too strong for us with that unhappy Mack."

And very sorry to say and think it, Dr. Walker, the meeting being over, shook hands with his "brothers" and took the cars which were to convey him home to his pretty parsonage, his garden, his grape-vines, roses and currant bushes—his study, his easy chair, and above all, his excellent little old lady of a wife.

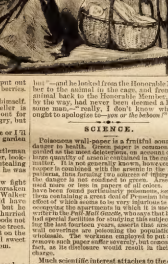
As for our black sheep Mack, having escaped to Jersey shores, he spent his ill-gotten gains in a very long, and very lonely. Finally he parted away the remnant of a few leaves, ran out on credit, and was starving. Having acted dead drunk and penniless at the hour of closing, was dumped out into the mud by the proprietor of the place and its contents.

About daylight he came to his senses, and he staggered up and away; had another sleep by the roadside, and awoke again to the consciousness that he must have a meal somewhere. He was in a country place. The ways and means to take in the city were left behind. He had no money for fares, though he heard the shouts of the newsboys, and knew he was hungry and miserable, by his very look.

Lying all night in Jersey and all green lane chills and fever, though he did not know it; and though he saw a man stumbling along the road, he knew he had not strength enough to rob him, and so become that creature of his dreams, a highwayman.

So when the sun began to glow with noonday heat, he was creeping, past a white cottage with a garden before it, and against those palings the dark face fell, and he was in a state of unconsciousness that closed from gathering in pendant branches, like so many jewels.

Revived and parched, his fruit was a woman, but "—and he looked from the Honorable Member to the woman in the chair. Mr. Speech then returned back to the Honorable Member, who was waiting, and continued: "I am a poor man,"—really, I don't know which I ought to apologize for—one or the before."



SCIENCE.

Poisonous wall-paper is a fruitful source of disgust to health. Green paper is commonly the most dangerous, but all colors are liable to contain some of the poisonous arsenic compounds. In this matter, it is not generally known, however, that the consumption of the fruit of the papaya tree prevents, thus forming two colures of objects that are usually found in close proximity.

Dr. Livingstone, in the journals of his travels, has been found particularly poisonous, some of the natives of Africa, and the papaya tree is also found in Africa, and is found to very abundant in these countries. Dr. Livingstone, in the journals of his travels, has been found particularly poisonous, some of the natives of Africa, and the papaya tree is also found in Africa, and is found to very abundant in these countries. Dr. Livingstone, in the journals of his travels, has been found particularly poisonous, some of the natives of Africa, and the papaya tree is also found in Africa, and is found to very abundant in these countries.

Mack looked up. There was the gentleman whom he disconsolately had met that morning over the fence. He knew of the stealing of that consolation bone, for he was an artful dodger.

Poor Mack! he was too fill to show fight now. All his animal courage had forsaken him. He was a coward, and he knew it. He could not bear the thought of being called for the berries like a child, but he dropped his hoe and ran through the orchard away, and making for a piece of woods not far off, trembled from them into concealment.

Parson Walker went back to his seat on the porch, and there came to his shrill sweet old woman's voice from the dining-room.

"Dr. Thomas, how could you?"

"What, Betsy?"

"Why, Thomas, I saw him as he passed—a poor, starving wretch, I saw you feed a dog soon among the poor enough to know hunger and sickness when I see 'em. He's both, and you wouldn't let him eat a few currants—drives him away. Shame, Thomas!"

"Atrocious act!" said Parson Walker. "You don't think I'm longer made to do it, do you, Betsy?"

"I mean it was," said the old lady.

"I thought it was just the sort of trick boys and idle fellows would play," said the gentleman.

"Betsy, I'll not be long Christian, but don't be a hungry; I'll bring him back."

So away he trotted into the woods. And there, looking white and was among the bushes, Parson Walker found the wretched Mack.

His head was on his arm, and he was crying. "My boy," said the old man, bending over him, and he had not been "my boy" for many years, "you have been the memory of a life that has died young. You are not well—Why, it's Mack!" And Dr. Walker, himself, had a boy called Mack, soon.

The heavy eyes turned on him and checked it.

"I was dry," said Mack, "miserable, and there was no help. How did I know they was going to be so precious? I'm sorry I took 'em."

"My boy!" said Parson Walker, "you were hungry or thirsty, you were welcome; as often as welcome as I can be. Come, come home with me and have some supper. I came after you for that purpose. Why, was a mere thieving trick taking the currants, and I'm a little fond of 'em myself, but I'm Christian enough, I hope, not to drive a hungry fellow-creature from me. Come, Mack."

Mack arose and followed the good man. He sat at the table with him, he ate when it, and had all he wanted. The red currants were heaped on the table, and he ate them, and now milk helped the feast along. He ate to silence. Then he said, "I'm full."

"Parson Walker," he said, as respectfully as he knew how, "is this any part of the—"

"Of what, my boy? of the supper?" asked the old parson.

"Of being a boy Christian, and—and Mack." Your faltering me when you know I'll looked that father's name, and giving me things to eat and all. You said you was Christian enough to do it."

"What did you think Christianity was?" asked Dr. Walker gently.

"Praying and believing a lot of things, and how to go to church," said Mack.

"Prayer is much, and faith is much," said the old parson, "but love is more."

And there in the green shade, Mack listened to he never listened to good words before, the old man read to him of Jesus, and the boy learnt that charity and forgiveness and loving-kindness to others are the parts of the Christian's creed.

All he said was, "I just wish the whole world was Christians then, that's all."

I'm not sure that sudden conversions are very common, and I am not sure that this was one, but I am sure it was true in for some time, was natural, is pretty passages for many weeks and months. Mack was taken home, lived to soften him, and make him comprehend the beauty and the power of loving-kindness and of true Christianity; and though he never will be an elegant gentleman, he certainly leads to-day a wiser and honest life, and is grateful to those who have helped him to do so. And I scarcely think Mrs. Walker is wrong when she says, that whatever other folks may think about it, she feels sure that Mack "got religion" the night they found him in the ditch and unhappy, to have supper in the kitchen.

ANECDOTE OF DAVID CROCKETT.

The following is old, and we recollect seeing it in print years ago, but it will bear repeating, and coming over again:

David Crockett, while at Washington, visited a theatre for which opened there for exhibition, and stepping before the cage of a lion, which he examined, after going on, while upon the grotesque quadrumana.—

"Stranger," said the keeper, exactly like—of Alabama," naming an Honorable Member of Congress from that State, then on duty in Washington.

"Sir!" somnied, an indignant voice at his side.

Davy turned, and beheld the very member whom he had likened to the baboon, with a lady upon either arm.

"Sir," said Colonel Crockett, "I had no idea that you were so near. Had I known it, I shouldn't have spoken as I did."

The Honorable Member was irate, and in his anger he called Crockett a liar, and struck him a blow.

"O certainly," replied David, good-naturedly. "I am ready to apologize. Yes, you, sir, are not a liar."

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JUDITH says: "Having been a constant reader of the Ledger for many years, I have noticed and read especially Mr. Bonner's Correspondence, and believing that considerable good has resulted from the publication of the letters, I have ventured to write to you in my case. I am a married man, with a wife, five children, of whom I think as much as any married man. There are times when my wife almost insists, and when in private her spirit of abuse are with. Now, I am not a drinking man, but I do drink sometimes very affectionate, but very solemn, and in the morning I am very sorry for it. I love her and the children as much as any man, and sometimes almost cry when I think of it. I am very complacent over them, and see if it will not be better with my children—it seems like hurrying them to take myself away. There is no jealousy between us, but I think she is a little so of me. Can you make any such reflections. Hope to hear from you through the columns of the Ledger in due time." There is nothing in your letter that we can make any reply to. Your description of unhappy temperament, very themselves as two disorder. They intensely hate each other, and yet they cannot live apart. Each one will seek a cure, probably, and for very cure, and not your children's, perhaps even for your wife's sake you may be in any at home and out. The remedy we find of you even when a little "provoking" it is to be kind to her, and you know, and constantly to be kind to her, and you know, and constantly to be kind to search their own hearts. It is their way of showing love, and you will find a sensible man to be not so much hurt by it.

EDEN (Rockford, Pa.) says: "Having read much of late about what you have given to other inquirers in your Notes-to-Correspondents, I concluded I would write to you, and see what you would say to me. I am a young man, and have been raised mostly through the Presbyterian Church, and stand high in my church relations. Hope to lead from that church, and I am a member of the Sabbath-school. I have taken considerable pains in dramatic plays, and received a great many compliments for my acting. I have also been called on to perform in the theatre, and have been solicited to do nothing for the stage, as a tragedian or comedian, but have refused to do so, as I do not like the profession. I have been to the theatre occasionally, and I intend to continue to go, as I like to see a good play performed. I write to you to know what you think of the theatre, with an intimate friend. He is a young lawyer of this city, and is a member of the same church that I am, and is also a member of the Sabbath-school with me. Now, Mr. Editor, you know we should aim to be perfect, and I am aware that I am not, and I do not think I ever shall be much, if any, better than I am now. Do you think I can cultivate a taste for the theatre, and not neglect my duty to God? Please answer through the columns of the Ledger, as soon as you can and oblige." By answering these questions you will oblige a number of your readers, as I suppose it is natural to be a curious question. Many young men have the same feeling that you have, and then ask you a "profession." It is better to be a good man than a very poor man. Make a very good lawyer, and while practising the admirable rules to be found in the Sabbath-school, you will be able to conduct yourself in the profession, whose duty it is to defend you are very sure of being a first-rate lawyer. Do not neglect your duty to God.

LOUIS BLEDSO.—"can she care her husband with—writes: "I want to ask you a question, and would be much obliged to you if you would answer me through the columns. I am now almost sixteen years old, and have been keeping company with a young lady for about six months. We go to church on the every Saturday night, which is his weekly night to call. Now, I have a chance to go to a party on Saturday night, and I want to go very much indeed. He is never close to me, and has never spoken a word of love to me. I am very fond of him, and he seems, and I think he loves me also in return. He has bought me a new shawl, and gets me lots of presents. Now, I want to know if I ought to go to the party, or stay at home with him? He is very fond of me, and all my relations, as I am their favorite, and he is also a favorite with them. He is twenty-two years old, and has not much, as it is very fine cloth dress jacket, and that is all. I am very much afraid that he will not like it if I go to the party. Please answer soon, and oblige." P. S.—Do you think the girls ought to laugh at a boy for kissing them? I do not." Ans. We do not think you have as well made up your mind to be connected, and, moreover, consider yourself about the best judge of what is proper for you to do. We think you are very much too young to be married, and that you may be subjected to be laughed at, if they could see it in the right light, for kissing you. Your letter is very well written.

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Mack scientific interest attaches to the question, whether the fruit of the papaya tree, and all that it within the power of almost every resident of tropical countries to obtain, is not the best of all vermifuges for children, and fatal. We only know, further that, a poison vile in Java, where the fruit is abundant, and is a common article of food, it is also a much larger foundation of fact than it at first appears to be. Dr. Livingstone, in the journals of his travels, has been found particularly poisonous, some of the natives of Africa, and the papaya tree is also found in Africa, and is found to very abundant in these countries. Dr. Livingstone, in the journals of his travels, has been found particularly poisonous, some of the natives of Africa, and the papaya tree is also found in Africa, and is found to very abundant in these countries. Dr. Livingstone, in the journals of his travels, has been found particularly poisonous, some of the natives of Africa, and the papaya tree is also found in Africa, and is found to very abundant in these countries.